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ALL TRUE CRIME STORIES

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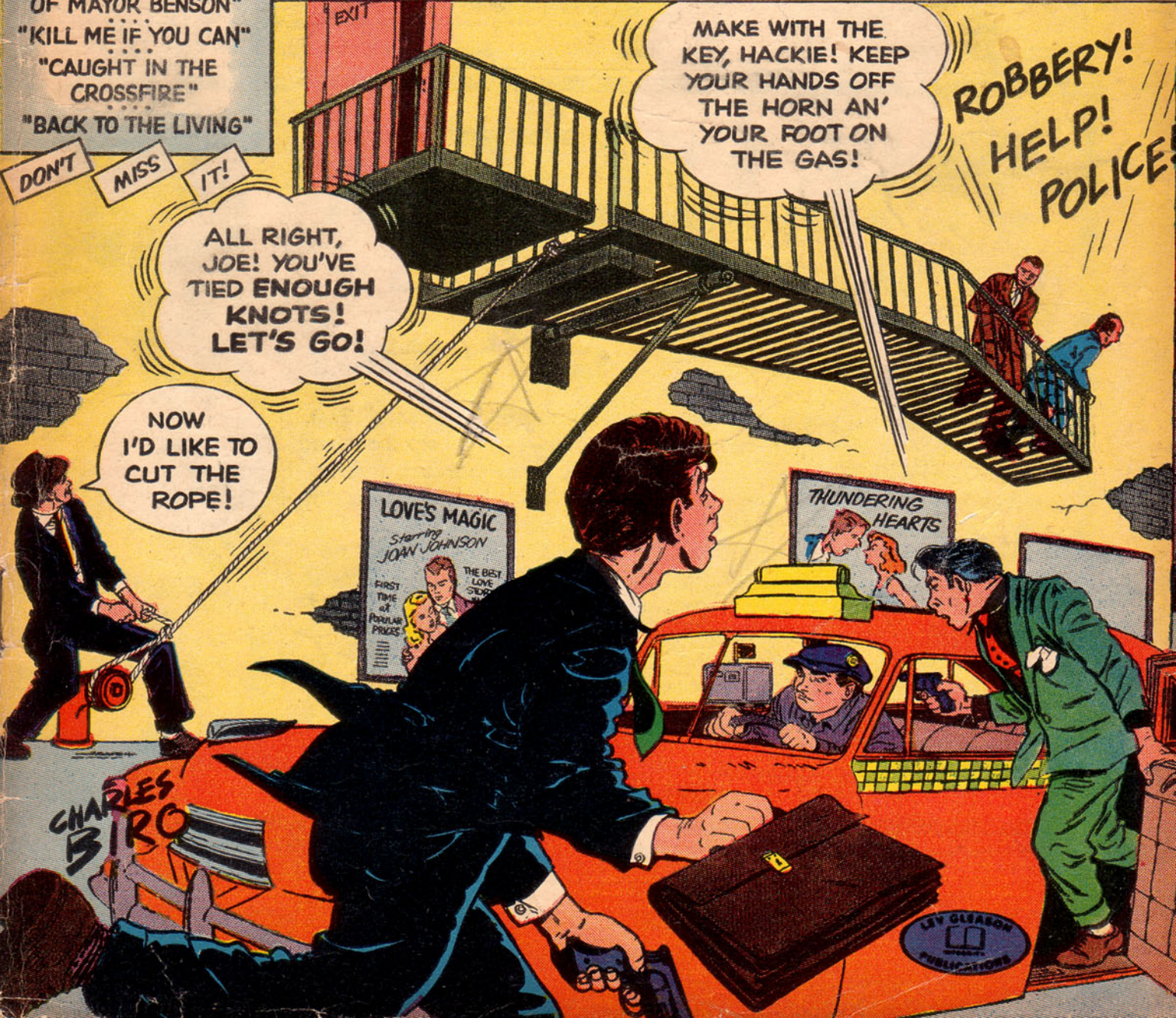


DOES NOT PAY

EXTRA!!
5 FULL-LENGTH
THRILLER
STORIES

- "I LIED TO GO TO PRISON"
- "THE TRAGIC VICTORY OF MAYOR BENSON"
- "KILL ME IF YOU CAN"
- "CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE"
- "BACK TO THE LIVING"

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • PRODUCED BY CHARLES BIRO



MAKE WITH THE
KEY, HACKIE! KEEP
YOUR HANDS OFF
THE HORN AN'
YOUR FOOT ON
THE GAS!

ROBBERY!
HELP!
POLICE!

ALL RIGHT,
JOE! YOU'VE
TIED ENOUGH
KNOTS!
LET'S GO!

NOW
I'D LIKE TO
CUT THE
ROPE!

LOVE'S MAGIC
Starring
JOAN JOHNSON
THE BEST
LOVE
STORY
FIRST
TIME
AT
POPULAR
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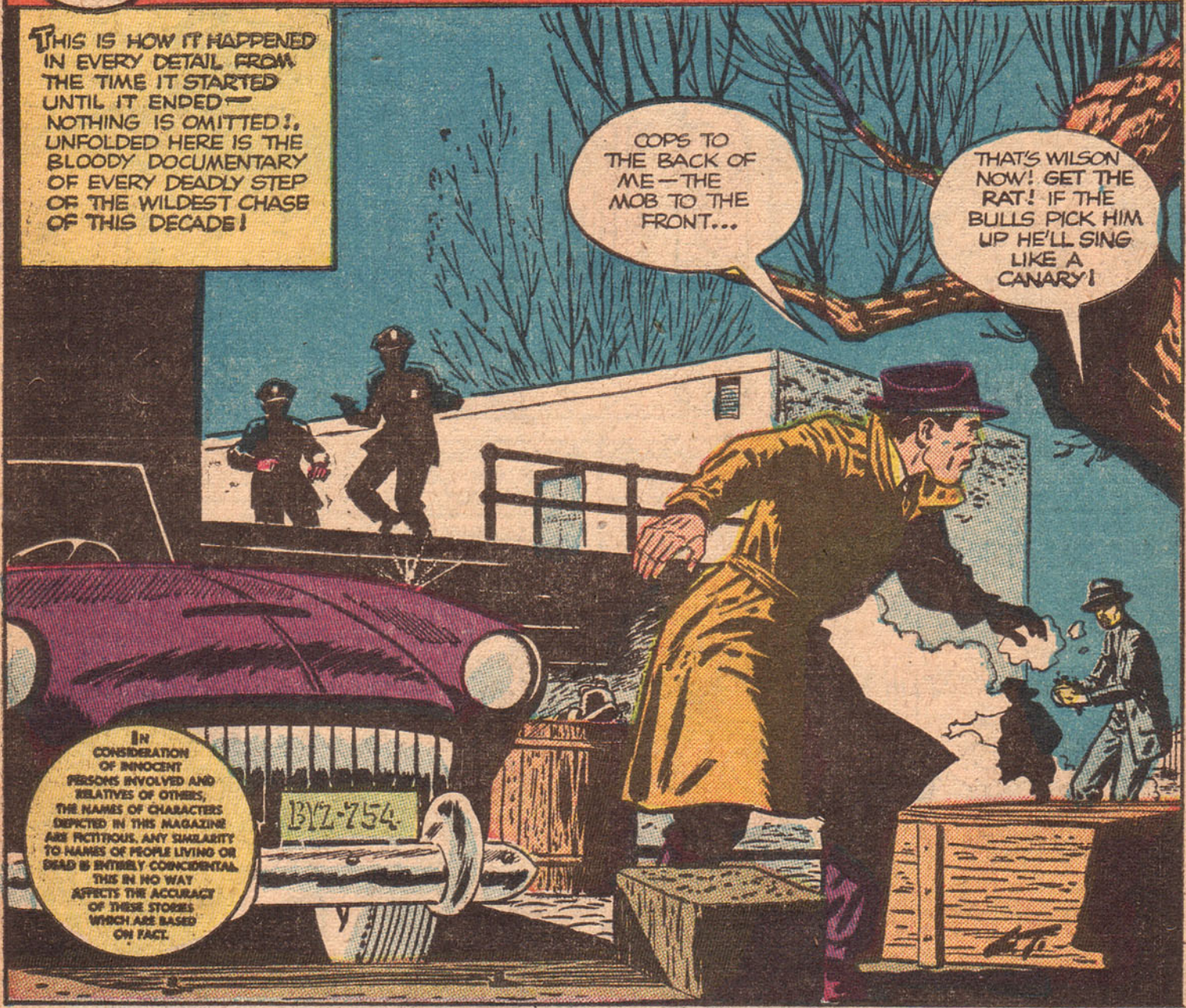
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"KILL ME IF YOU CAN"

THE WILD CHASE FOR TOLEDO WILSON

THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED IN EVERY DETAIL FROM THE TIME IT STARTED UNTIL IT ENDED— NOTHING IS OMITTED! UNFOLDED HERE IS THE BLOODY DOCUMENTARY OF EVERY DEADLY STEP OF THE WILDEST CHASE OF THIS DECADE!

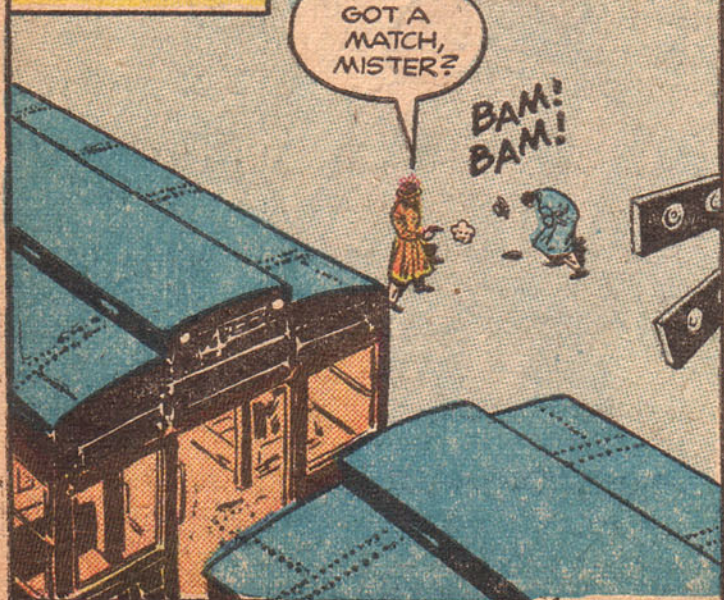


COPS TO THE BACK OF ME—THE MOB TO THE FRONT...

THAT'S WILSON NOW! GET THE RAT! IF THE BULLS PICK HIM UP HE'LL SING LIKE A CANARY!

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.

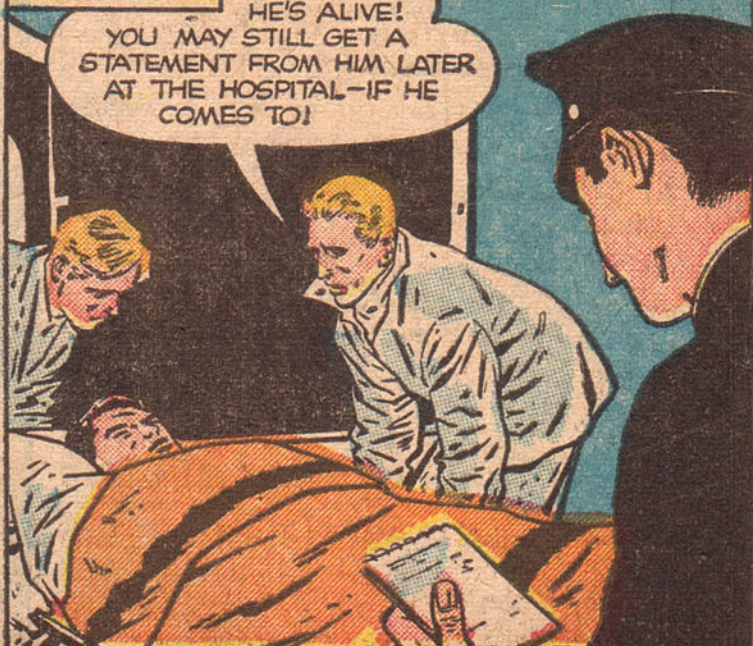
ON A FOGGY MORNING IN MAY, 1950, DAWN HAS NOT YET CREPT OVER THE HORIZON, AND BENEATH THE ELEVATED AS A TRAIN ROARS PAST OVERHEAD, A MAN WAITS FOR ANOTHER MAN IN THE SHADOWS... THEN A GUN BARKS...



GOT A MATCH, MISTER?

BAM!
BAM!

THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER FLED INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE EARLY MORNING... AN AMBULANCE ARRIVED AT THE SCENE...



HE'S ALIVE! YOU MAY STILL GET A STATEMENT FROM HIM LATER AT THE HOSPITAL—IF HE COMES TO!

AT CITY HOSPITAL SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE VICTIM, JOHN MATHEWS WAS ABLE TO GIVE THE POLICE A STATEMENT! HE IDENTIFIED THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN FROM THE ROUGE'S GALLERY PHOTOS...

WE'VE ALWAYS FIGURED WILSON TO BE A PROFESSIONAL KILLER FOR THE MOBS, LIEUTENANT HILLERY, BUT WE'VE NEVER HAD ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON HIM!

THIS IS THE BIG BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! IF WE NAIL HIM, WE'LL PUMP THE NAMES IN THE MOB WHO HIRED WILSON OUT OF HIM! THIS TIME WE'LL CRACK THEIR RACKETS FOR GOOD! GET THAT ALARM OUT PRONTO!

YES, OFFICER, THIS IS THE MAN! I SAW HIM CLEARLY BEFORE HE SHOT ME!

IT'S TOLEDO WILSON, PROFESSIONAL KILLER!

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW! GET OUT A GENERAL ALARM ON HIM!

YES, SIR, LIEUTENANT-RIGHT AWAY!



MEANWHILE, TOLEDO WILSON HAS MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOBSTER WHO HAD HIRED HIM, JOCKO ZIBEK!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MUSIC ON THE RADIO STOPPED ABRUPTLY AS A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT CAME OUT...

HERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF YOUR PAY-OFF, WILSON-SIX HUNDRED CLAMS! GOOD JOB!

I ALWAYS DO A GOOD JOB, JOCKO! WHEN YA NEED ME AGAIN, JUST CALL! I'M ALWAYS AVAILABLE!

JOHN MATHEWS, WHO WAS NEARLY SHOT TO DEATH EARLY THIS MORNING SURVIVED THE SHOOTING AND IS ALIVE AT THE CITY HOSPITAL! MATHEWS WAS ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM...A GUNMAN KNOWN AS TOLEDO WILSON! WILSON IS NOW BEING SOUGHT BY POLICE IN FIVE STATES!

I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID, WILSON!



YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, WILSON? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE COPS GET'CHA! IF THEY GET'CHA YA SING, AN' IF YA SING, WE ALL GET IT!

NO! NO! YA WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YA?

WITHOUT WARNING, WILSON WHIPPED OUT HIS GUN AND BEGAN BLASTING AWAY AS HE BACKED TOWARD A WINDOW...

G...GET 'IM! GET 'IM IF IT'S THE LAST TH...THING YA DO... YAAA!!

BAM POW!



WILSON MADE HIS WAY TO THE FIRE ESCAPE AND WITH HIS GUN ROARING, WORKED HIS WAY TO A COURT YARD...

WHY DON'T YOU COME AFTER ME, BRAVE GUYS! AFRAID YOU MIGHT GET WHAT JOCKO GOT?



FROM THAT MOMENT ON THE KILLER OF JOCKO BECAME A HUNTED MAN, SOUGHT BOTH BY POLICE AND THE UNDERWORLD...

I GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HIDE...MAYBE TOMORROW I CAN GET OUTTA THE STATE! IF THE COPS GET ME, I GO TO THE CHAIR! IF THE MOB FINDS ME, IT'S CURTAINS, TOO!



MEANWHILE THE POLICE BEGAN AN EVER TIGHTENING DRAGNET FOR THE KILLER...

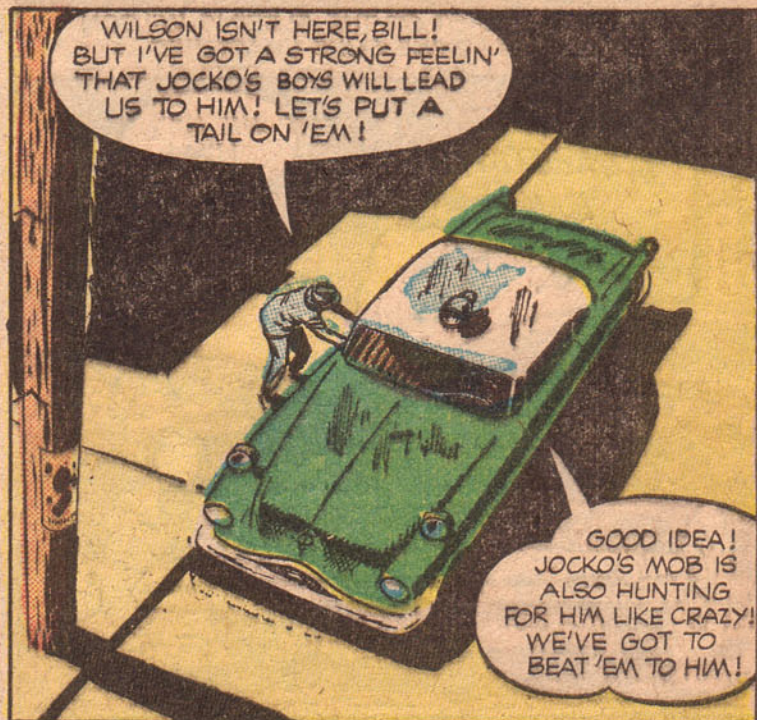
I'M LOOKING FOR TOLEDO WILSON!

NAW! WILSON AIN'T BEEN HERE IN MONTHS! YA CAN COME IN AN' SEE!



WILSON ISN'T HERE, BILL! BUT I'VE GOT A STRONG FEELIN' THAT JOCKO'S BOYS WILL LEAD US TO HIM! LET'S PUT A TAIL ON 'EM!

GOOD IDEA! JOCKO'S MOB IS ALSO HUNTING FOR HIM LIKE CRAZY! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT 'EM TO HIM!



THE GRIM BLOODHOUNDS OF THE LATE JOCKO CONTINUE THEIR RELENTLESS HUNT...

WHERE'S TOLEDO? AN' DON'T LIE OR YOU ALL GET IT!

SO HELP ME WE AIN'T SEEN HIM...HONEST!



IF WE HEAR WILSON'S BEEN AROUND AN' YOU DIDN'T TELL US YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!

HE'D BE NUTS TO COME HERE! I'D PLUG HIM MYSELF!



ON THE THIRD NIGHT OF THE MAN-HUNT, TWO HOODS CALLED AT THE HOUSE OF LAVERNE ROBESON, A GIRL POLICE KNEW TO FREQUENT MOB CIRCLES AND AN OLD GIRL FRIEND OF TOLEDO WILSON'S...

OKAY, LAVERNE, WE SEARCHED YER JOINT AN' TOLEDO AIN'T HERE! BUT REMEMBER, IF YA TRY TO HIDE HIM OUT OR HELP HIM ESCAPE, YA GET WHAT HE GETS, SEE?

YOU'VE GOT ME REAL SCARED!

YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THE MOB IS PUTTING UP TEN GRAND IN CASH FOR ANYBODY WHO FINGERS TOLEDO FOR US!

YOU'RE HARD TO CONVINCE! I TOLD YOU TOLEDO HASN'T BEEN HERE FOR MONTHS! SEE YOU AROUND, BOYS!

WILSON HAD TWO NARROW ESCAPES WITH DEATH! DURING HIS FIRST WEEK IN HIDING, DRIVING A SEDAN HE HAD STOLEN, HE WAS SPOTTED BY TWO MORE SOUTH-SIDE HOODS!

THE SOUTH-SIDERS AND THEY'VE SEEN ME! MY LIFE AIN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKLE UNLESS THIS HEAP CAN MOVE!

IT'S HIM—WILSON! GIMME THAT MEAT CHOPPER!

THEY DREW ABREAST OF THE FLEEING WILSON CAR! THEN MACHINE GUNS CHATTERED...

RAT-TAT-TAT
TATTA-TATTA-TATTA
BAM! BAM!

WE GOT HIM!

WILSON'S CAR OUT OF CONTROL HIT THE FIRE PLUG AND TURNED OVER! SHROUDED IN GUSHING WATER AND FLAMES, THE KILLER, STILL MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE, STRUGGLED FREE...

THEY'RE COMIN' BACK TO MAKE SURE THEY GOT ME!

BUT BEFORE THE TORPEDO MEN COULD RETURN, WILSON FLED INTO A NARROW, TWISTING STREET...

WE DIDN'T GET HIM! HE'S NOT IN THAT WRECK! HEAR THOSE SIRENS?

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MISS? WELL, LET'S NOT WAIT FOR THE COPS!

WILSON ALMOST GOT IT AGAIN! ONE NIGHT WHEN HE EMERGED FROM A DELICATESSEN ON 18 AVENUE, CARRYING SOME GROCERIES...

SEE! IT IS WILSON! I TOLD YOU!

THEN WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? GIVE IT TO THE RAT!

AGAIN THE NIGHT'S SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY THE ROAR OF PISTOLS...



THEY'VE SEEN ME AGAIN! GOTTA RUN FOR IT... GOTTA RUN FAST!

A SHOT HIT WILSON'S SHOULDER AND THE IMPACT DOWNED HIM MOMENTARILY...



WHEEEEEEEEEEE
MY ROD'S EMPTY! GIMME YOURS, HOGIE! I'LL PUT A COUPLE INTO HIM FOR GOOD MEASURE!
INTO TH' CAR! TH' COPS ARE COMIN'!

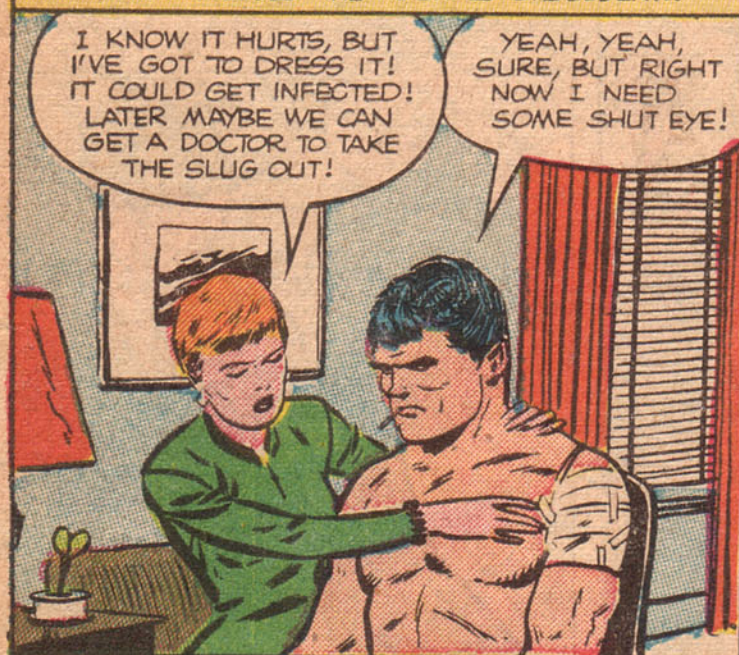
BUT WILSON WASN'T DEAD! HE GOT TO HIS FEET, STAGGERED FOR BLOCKS, AND RANG LAVERNE ROBESON'S BELL...



H'LO, BABY! I'M ALL BEAT UP—GOT A SLUG IN MY SHOULDER AN' I'M TIRED OF RUNNIN'!

TOLEDO! THE WHOLE TOWN IS LOOKIN' FOR YOU!

LAVERNE ROBESON FIRST RIPPED OFF HIS SHIRT AND DRESSED THE WOUNDED SHOULDER...



I KNOW IT HURTS, BUT I'VE GOT TO DRESS IT! IT COULD GET INFECTED! LATER MAYBE WE CAN GET A DOCTOR TO TAKE THE SLUG OUT!

YEAH, YEAH, SURE, BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED SOME SHUT EYE!

THE GIRL GAVE THE KILLER A CUP OF COFFEE DRUGGED WITH SLEEPING TABLETS, AND PUT HIM ON HER COUCH...



HE'S SOUND ASLEEP NOW! THOSE SLEEPING PILLS WILL KEEP HIM IN A COMA FOR A WEEK!

HELLO... I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO JAKE... YEAH... THAT'S RIGHT, JAKE THE KILLER!

JUST A MINUTE, LADY!

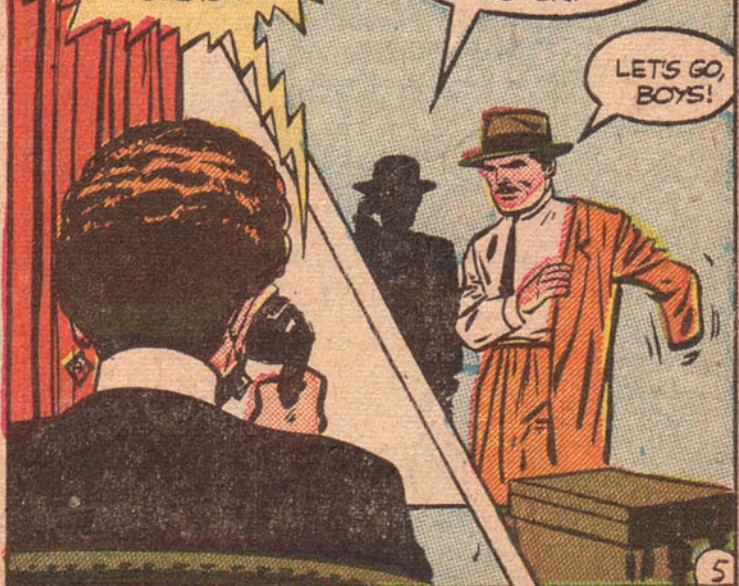
JAKE, REMEMBER THE DEAL ABOUT THE TEN GRAND? SUPPOSIN' I GIVE YOU TOLEDO WILSON ALL WRAPPED UP AND SEALED?

WE'VE GOT THE TEN GRAND HERE, BABY! OKAY—WHERE'S WILSON?



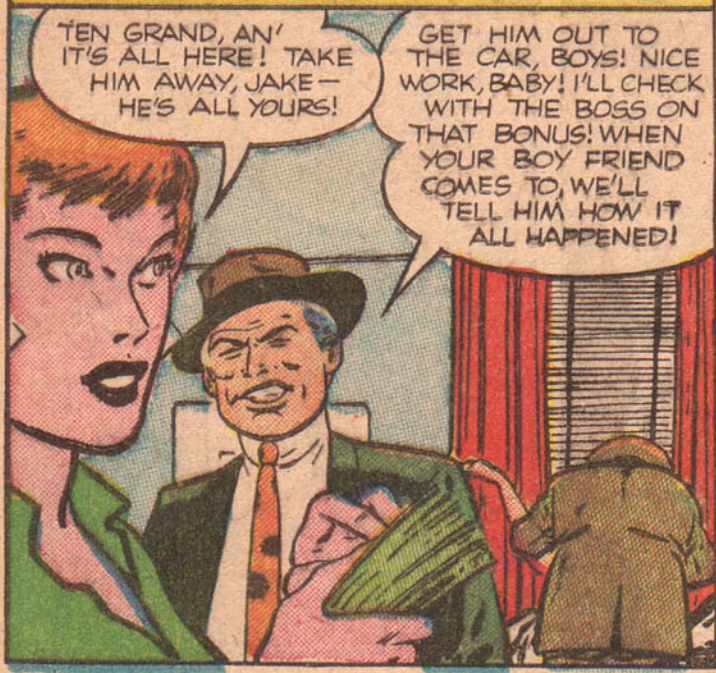
HE'S HERE, BIG BOY, STRETCHED OUT ASLEEP—KAYDED BY SLEEPING TABLETS!

YOU MIGHT EVEN GET A BONUS FOR THIS, SWEETHEART! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



LET'S GO, BOYS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, JAKE KELLER AND THE OTHER MOBSTERS ARRIVED AT LAVERNE'S PLACE...



TEN GRAND, AN' IT'S ALL HERE! TAKE HIM AWAY, JAKE— HE'S ALL YOURS!

GET HIM OUT TO THE CAR, BOYS! NICE WORK, BABY! I'LL CHECK WITH THE BOSS ON THAT BONUS! WHEN YOUR BOY FRIEND COMES TO, WE'LL TELL HIM HOW IT ALL HAPPENED!

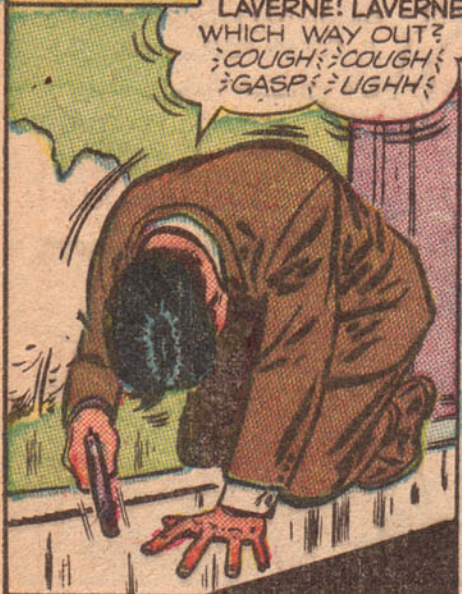
BUT THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, LIEUTENANT HILLERY AND HIS MEN BURST IN THE FRONT DOOR!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS! DON'T REACH! WE'RE TAKING OVER!

COPPERS! BLAST 'EM!

CHARLIE DUTCH REINEK DIED IN THE KITCHEN DOORWAY, A SMOKING GUN STILL HELD IN HIS HAND...



LAVERNE! LAVERNE! WHICH WAY OUT? :COUGH: :COUGH: :GASP: :UGHH:

BARNEY MORGAN GOT IT AT THE WINDOW AND JAKE KELLER WENT DOWN BY THE FIREPLACE...



ALMOST MADE IT! ALMOST... UNGHHH...

STOP IT! STOP IT! PLEASE STOP THE SHOOTIN'!

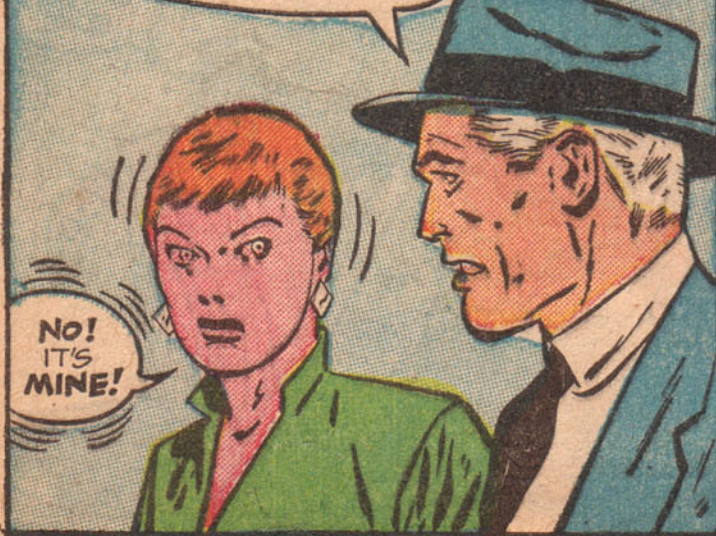
AND IN A MOMENT THE SHOOTING DID STOP! IT WAS ALL OVER, AND IT WAS QUIET IN LAVERNE ROBESON'S PLACE THAT NIGHT, EXCEPT FOR HER SOBBING!



I...I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! :SOB: :SOB:

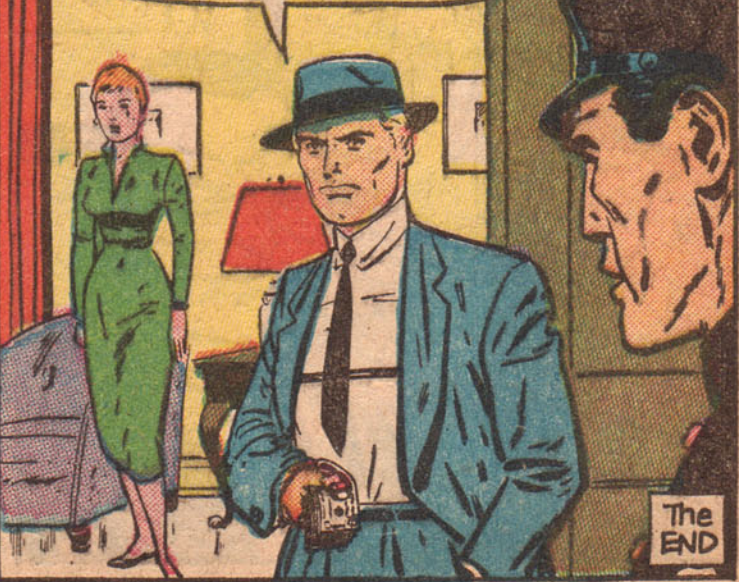
HOW DID YOU KNOW? :SOB:

WE KNOW A LOT MORE, DELILAH! WE'VE HAD YOUR LINE TAPPED SINCE THE ALARM WENT OUT ON YOUR SAMPSON! WHEN YOU CALLED THE MOB TO COME AND GET WILSON, WE ALSO HEARD IT! LET'S HAVE THAT MONEY NOW! THAT'S IMPORTANT EVIDENCE!



NO! IT'S MINE!

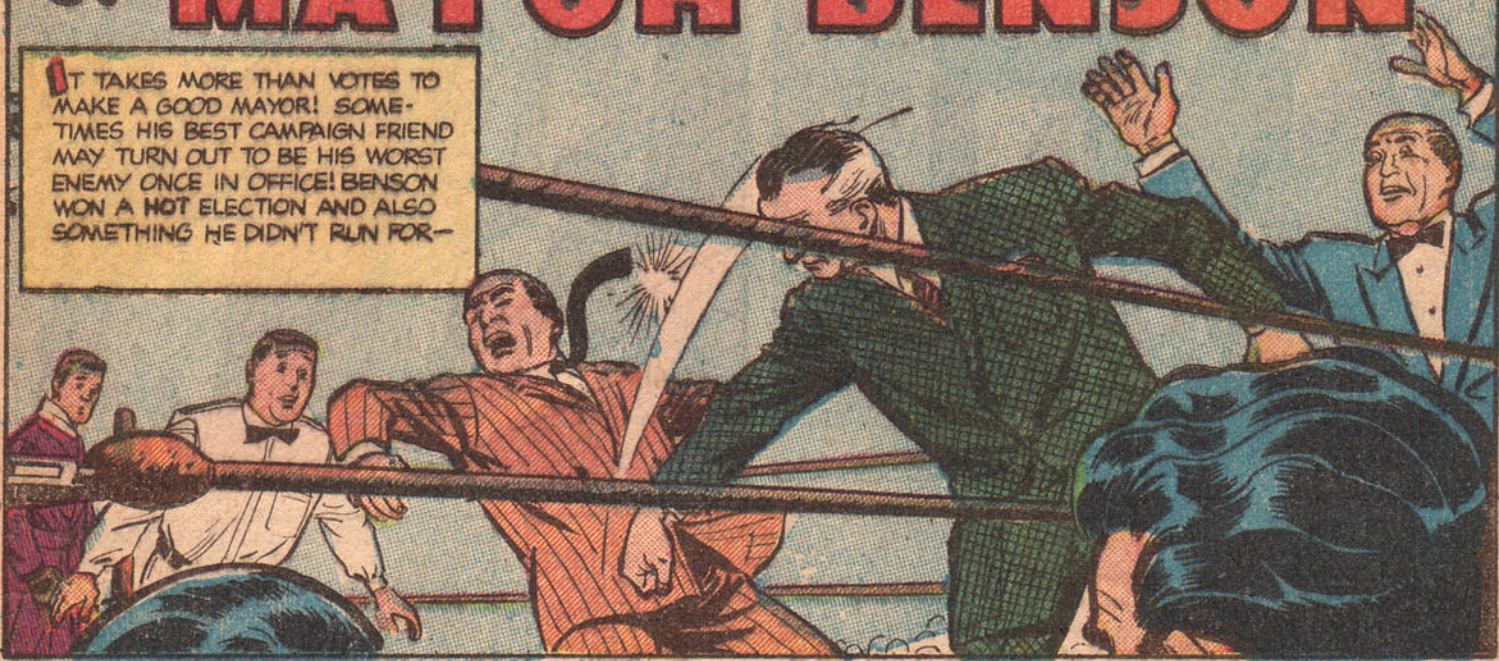
SARGE, TAKE THIS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND WILSON WHEN YOU GET HIM CONSCIOUS TO HEADQUARTERS! OH, AND HOLD HER HIGHNESS AS AN ACCESSORY... THEN KINDA SWEEP UP THE PLACE!



The END

The TRAGIC VICTORY of MAYOR BENSON

IT TAKES MORE THAN VOTES TO MAKE A GOOD MAYOR! SOMETIMES HIS BEST CAMPAIGN FRIEND MAY TURN OUT TO BE HIS WORST ENEMY ONCE IN OFFICE! BENSON WON A HOT ELECTION AND ALSO SOMETHING HE DIDN'T RUN FOR—



THE SMALL BUT PROUD CITY OF BURDINGTON WAS NEARING A CRUCIAL PERIOD IN ITS TWO HUNDRED YEAR HISTORY! IT WAS NEARING ELECTION TIME—A STRONG CANDIDATE WAS NEEDED!



HI, ED! WHAT'S UP? ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A FOURTH AT BRIDGE?

WE JUST CAME FROM A CAUCUS OF OUR PARTY, DAVE, AND GUESS WHO THE BOYS LIKED FOR OUR CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR?



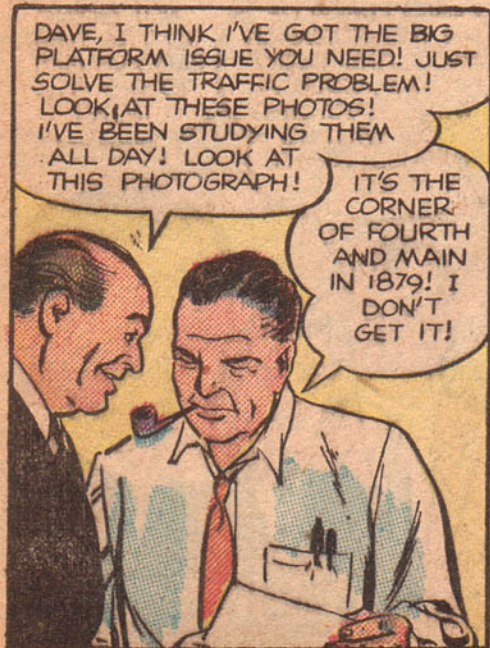
YOU'RE KIDDING! I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE! I HAVE NO FOLLOWING!

JUST COME UP WITH ONE STRONG ISSUE, AND WE'LL DO THE REST! THINK IT OVER, NEIL!



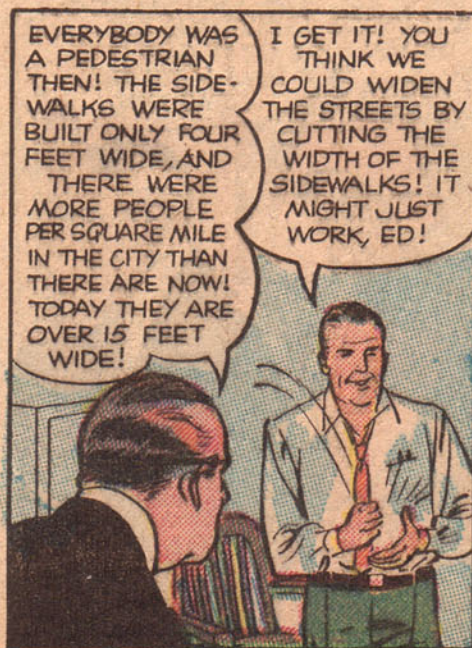
I THINK YOUR FRIEND ED IS BEHIND THIS INVITATION— BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM!

OH, HE'S A SWEET GUY! I REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR HIM! HIS IDEAS ARE GOOD, BUT HE'S A BAD CONTRACTOR!



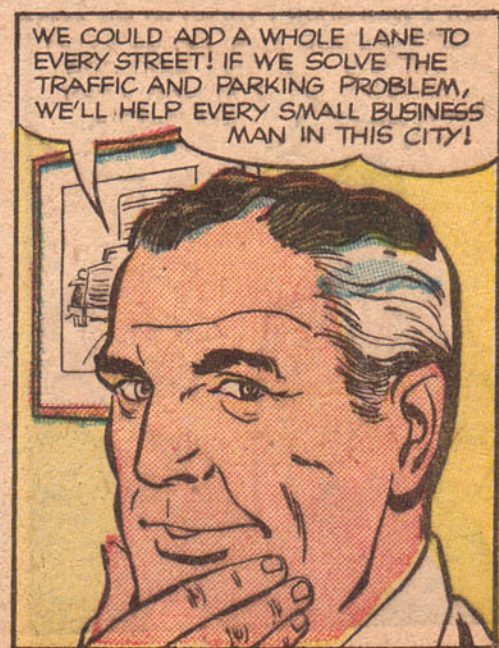
DAVE, I THINK I'VE GOT THE BIG PLATFORM ISSUE YOU NEED! JUST SOLVE THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM! LOOK AT THESE PHOTOS! I'VE BEEN STUDYING THEM ALL DAY! LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH!

IT'S THE CORNER OF FOURTH AND MAIN IN 1879! I DON'T GET IT!



EVERYBODY WAS A PEDESTRIAN THEN! THE SIDEWALKS WERE BUILT ONLY FOUR FEET WIDE, AND THERE WERE MORE PEOPLE PER SQUARE MILE IN THE CITY THAN THERE ARE NOW! TODAY THEY ARE OVER 15 FEET WIDE!

I GET IT! YOU THINK WE COULD WIDEN THE STREETS BY CUTTING THE WIDTH OF THE SIDEWALKS! IT MIGHT JUST WORK, ED!



WE COULD ADD A WHOLE LANE TO EVERY STREET! IF WE SOLVE THE TRAFFIC AND PARKING PROBLEM, WE'LL HELP EVERY SMALL BUSINESS MAN IN THIS CITY!

AND EVERY TIME YOU GET JAMMED UP ON ONE OF OUR HOPELESSLY CROWDED STREETS, I WISH YOU'D REMEMBER THAT I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL WORK!

HE MAKES SENSE!

BENSON FOR MAYOR

VOTE

I THINK HE'S CATCHING ON NEAL! THE DAILY GLOBE'S POLL SHOWS THAT HE'S PULLED INTO THE LEAD!

I WON'T RELAX UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT AFTER THE VOTES ARE COUNTED! I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED, BUT IT LOOKS GOOD!

DAILY BLADE

BENSON WINS TRAFFIC ISSUE SWAYS VOTERS

IN THE LARGEST FIELD OF CANDIDATES EVER TO RUN FOR MAYOR OF THIS CITY, BENSON WON BY A MARGIN OF 50% TO 50%.

I'M HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE CITY COUNCIL HAS JUST UNANIMOUSLY APPROVED MY TRAFFIC PLAN! WE START WORK AS SOON AS A CONTRACTOR HAS BEEN SELECTED!

I THOUGHT YOUR FRIEND, ED NEAL...

MAYOR BENSON

I WANT YOU TO GET THIS STRAIGHT NOW! THE JOB GOES TO THE BEST FIRM AVAILABLE! THE DECISION IS ENTIRELY IN THE HANDS OF MY COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS!

WHEW! THAT IS NEWS!

DID YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, SIR? ALL THE BIDS AREN'T IN YET! BUT I WAS SURE YOU'D CHOOSE MR. NEAL'S COMPANY!

OF COURSE I MEAN IT! THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE PUT THEIR TRUST IN ME, AND I'M GOING TO DO THE BEST JOB I POSSIBLY CAN... NO MATTER WHAT!

YOU'RE DOING WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, DAVE! ED WILL UNDERSTAND!

NO, ED WON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S WORKED LONG AND HARD FOR ME AND HE'LL EXPECT SOMETHING FOR IT, AND I CAN'T GIVE IT TO HIM! HERE THEY COME NOW!

HI, FOLKS! AMY AND I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE PRELIMINARY PLANS I DREW UP ON THE SIDEWALK WORK, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, DAVE... THE JOB WILL BE FINISHED RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, ED! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS, BUT I'VE GOT TO SAY IT... NOW!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET THE CONTRACT, ED! I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS!

NOT GOING TO?... YOU'RE KIDDING, AREN'T YOU, DAVE? AFTER ALL THE WORK I DID TO GET YOU ELECTED? I'VE NEGLECTED MY BUSINESS FOR OVER TWO MONTHS!



NO! I'M NOT KIDDING! IT'S MY DUTY TO PICK THE BEST AVAILABLE FIRM FOR THIS JOB! YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND, ED, BUT YOU'RE NOT A GOOD CONTRACTOR! I DON'T LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT IT'S TRUE!

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D DOUBLE-CROSS ME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE GUY I COULD TRUST! YOU'LL REGRET THIS, DAVE! YOU'LL REGRET IT UNTIL YOUR DYING DAY!



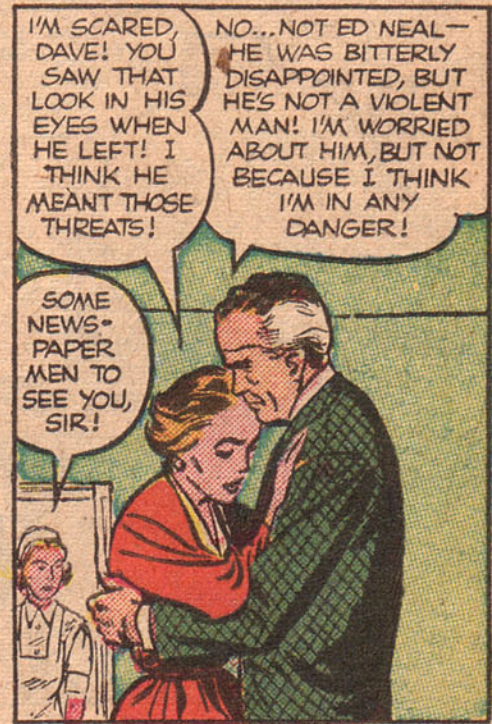
TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE SPOT I'M IN! THE PEOPLE WOULD KNOW WHY I PICKED YOUR FIRM, AND THEY'D BE ON MY NECK— ESPECIALLY IF ANYTHING WENT WRONG! DON'T BE BITTER, ED!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BITTER I CAN GET, BENSON... BUT YOU'LL FIND OUT!



I'M SORRY HE TOOK IT THIS WAY, DAVE! BUT HE'S BEEN COUNTING ON THIS SO MUCH... HE NEVER DREAMED HE WOULDN'T GET THE JOB! HE'LL CALM DOWN... YOU'LL SEE!

THANK YOU, AMY! I HOPE SO...



I'M SCARED, DAVE! YOU SAW THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES WHEN HE LEFT! I THINK HE MEANT THOSE THREATS!

NO... NOT ED NEAL— HE WAS BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, BUT HE'S NOT A VIOLENT MAN! I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM, BUT NOT BECAUSE I THINK I'M IN ANY DANGER!

SOME NEWS-PAPER MEN TO SEE YOU, SIR!



MY COMMISSIONER HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT THE CARLYLE BROTHERS CONTRACTING FIRM HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR THE SIDEWALK JOB!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS FOR THE CITY, MR. MAYOR! WILL YOU BE AT THE GARDEN FIGHTS TONIGHT?

WE HEAR THAT YOUR FRIEND, ED NEAL WILL BE THERE!



AT THE RINGSIDE THAT NIGHT...

I'M SURPRISED BENSON DIDN'T GIVE THAT WORK TO HIS PAL, ED NEAL!

NOT IF YOU KNOW BENSON! HE'S AN HONEST MAN! HERE HE COMES NOW!

LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN, THE MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING...



THEN A SHOCKING THING HAPPENED...

MR. NEAL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? UGH!

I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE, LARRY! LISTEN TO ME, FOLKS! I GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS TO SAY ABOUT MY FRIEND DAVE BENSON! TO BEGIN WITH, HE'S A BACK-STABBING LOUSE!!



HE'LL CHEAT YOU ALL! HE DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS OWN PARTY! HE'S A FAKE AND A PHONY, AND THIS CITY'S IN FOR REAL TROUBLE UNLESS SOMETHING'S DONE... AND FAST!

DON'T GO UP, THERE, BENSON! HE'S HAD A FEW!

LET ME GO! THIS HAS TO BE SETTLED RIGHT NOW!



DON'T BELIEVE THIS MAN! HE'S DRUNK! THIS IS PURELY A PERSONAL MATTER!

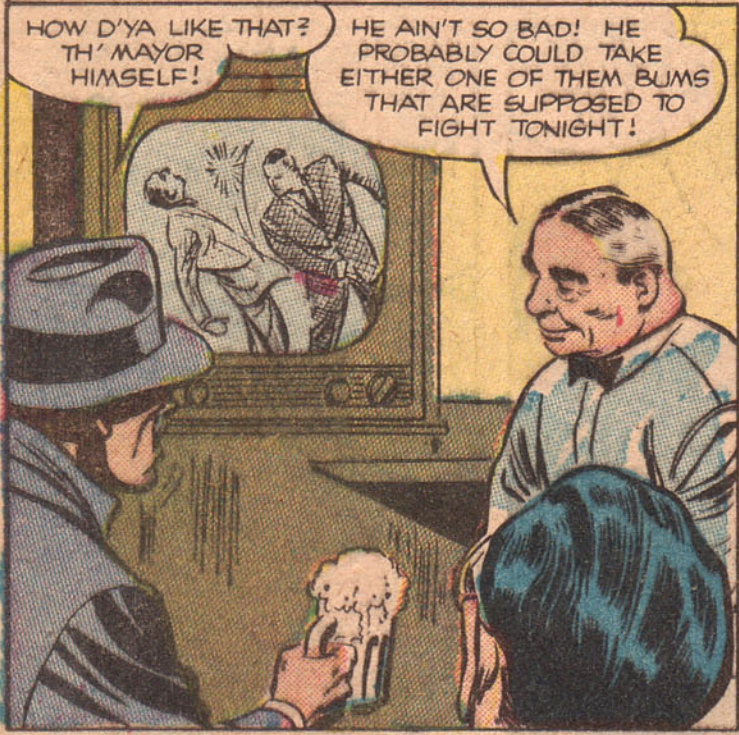
WHY, YOU LOUSY...

WATCH OUT, BENSON!



THIS SHOULD BE THE MAIN EVENT!

I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!



HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? TH' MAYOR HIMSELF!

HE AIN'T SO BAD! HE PROBABLY COULD TAKE EITHER ONE OF THEM BUMS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT TONIGHT!



LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL KILL HIM!

YOU'RE NOT KILLIN' ANYBODY, MR. NEAL! JUST TAKE IT EASY!

I WON'T PRESS CHARGES! JUST SEE THAT HE GETS HOME ALL RIGHT!



LATER...

IN A WAY, I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED, DAVE! ED'S BLOWN OFF HIS STEAM NOW! WHAT I DIDN'T LIKE WAS WAITING FOR HIM TO EXPLODE!

YES, I THINK OUR WORRIES ABOUT HIM ARE OVER!



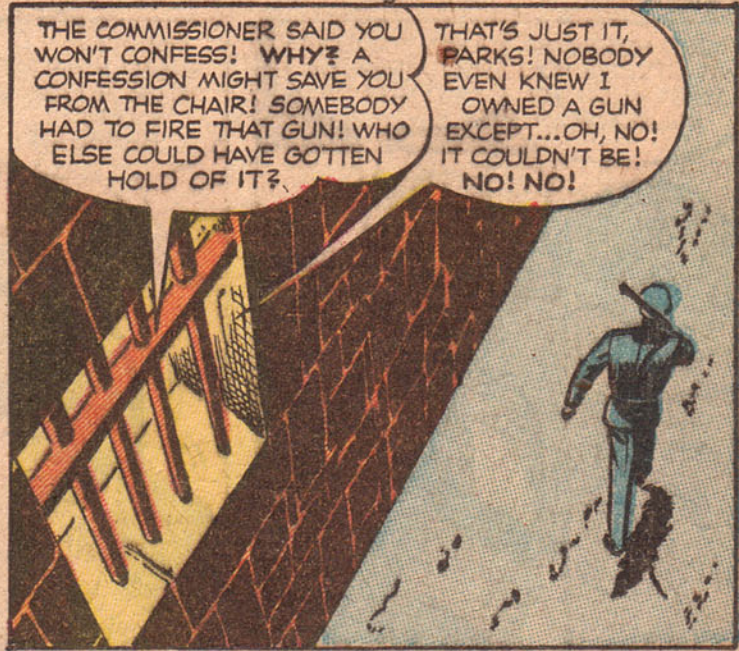
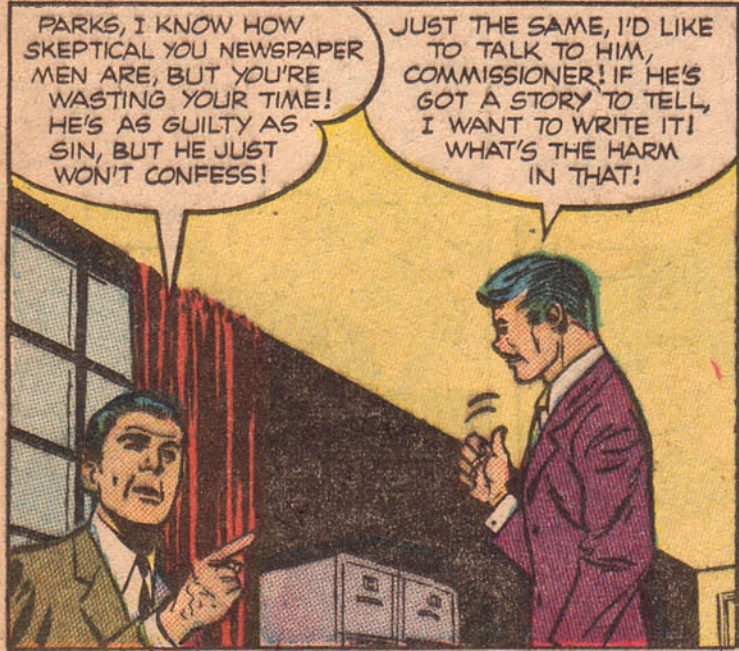
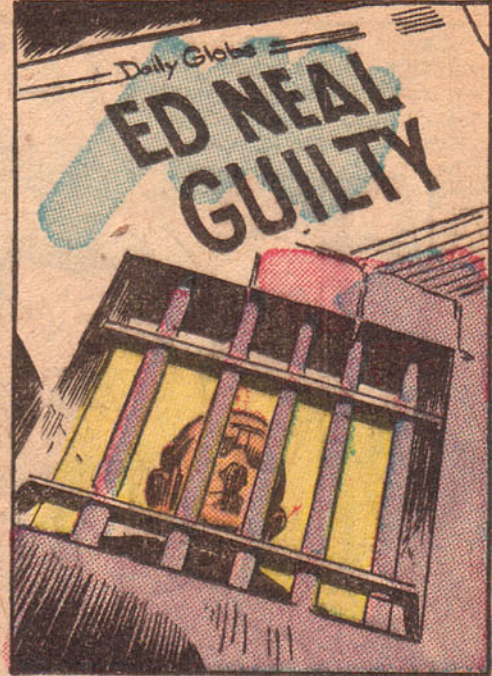
HEAVENS!!

BANG!



HELLO...COMMISSIONER? BENSON JUST DIED AT THE HOSPITAL!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT A DOUBLE ALARM OUT FOR ED NEAL! HE'LL BE PICKED UP PRONTO!



OKAY, MISTER PARKS! THE DIRECT LINE FROM NEAL'S HOME TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION YOU ASKED FOR IS OPEN NOW!

WHAT'S THAT FOR, PARKS? HE DIES IN THREE HOURS! I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL!

HELLO, MRS. NEAL! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU BUCK THE NEXT FEW HOURS! YOU SHOULDN'T BE ALONE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

I'D PREFER IT THAT WAY, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, COME ON IN!

YOUR HUSBAND MUST LOVE YOU VERY MUCH TO DIE FOR YOU!

JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOUR HUSBAND KILLED BENSON?

Y..YES..S..SURE! HE MUST HAVE KILLED HIM... WHO ELSE HAD THE CHANCE? HE'S RUINED MY LIFE!

YOUR LIFE? THINK ABOUT MRS. BENSON AND HER TWO YOUNGSTERS!

CAN'T YOU PLEASE KEEP QUIET? IT'S DIFFICULT ENOUGH FOR ME WITHOUT YOUR CONSTANT REMINDERS! PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE!

WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO KILL A MAN? DID YOU EVER FIRE A GUN, MRS. NEAL! WHAT WAS IT LIKE?

GET OUT! I WON'T LISTEN TO YOUR VICIOUS INSINUATIONS ANY MORE! ED'S GOING TO DIE IN TWO MINUTES, AND NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT!

YOU DID KILL BENSON, DIDN'T YOU? NOW YOU WANT TO MURDER YOUR HUSBAND!

SURE, I DID IT BUT...

IT'S AFTER TEN - HE'S DEAD! THEY CAN'T EXECUTE TWO PEOPLE FOR THE SAME CRIME!

YOU SHOULD HAVE BRUSHED UP ON THE LAW! IT'S THAT THEY CAN'T TRY THE SAME MAN TWICE FOR A SINGLE AND SAME CRIME!...HELLO, GOVERNOR?.. MY GUESS WAS RIGHT! YES, SHE'S CONFESSED!

NO!

PARKS, I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU! YOU NEWS-PAPER MEN SURE KNOW HOW TO SMELL OUT A GOOD STORY-IT'S SAD HOW NEAL KEEPS VISITING BENSON'S GRAVE! HE REALLY MUST HAVE LOVED HIM!

THAT'S THE REASON I FELT SURE HE DIDN'T DO IT! IN THEIR HEARTS, THEY WERE ALWAYS FRIENDS!

The END

THIS IS THE CASE HISTORY OF PETER DUNCAN, AN INNOCENT MAN WHO WAS VICTIMIZED BY CRIMINALS, AND SEEMED DOOMED TO SPEND MANY BLEAK YEARS BEHIND BARS! BUT THEN CAME THE TIME TO TELL HIS STORY—"THE BIGGEST LIE IN CRIME ANNALS!"

I LIED TO GO TO PRISON



SO YOU COME GUNNING FOR ME, HEH? WELL, I'M READY FOR YOU!

BAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

bill walton

A TRUE CRIME STORY

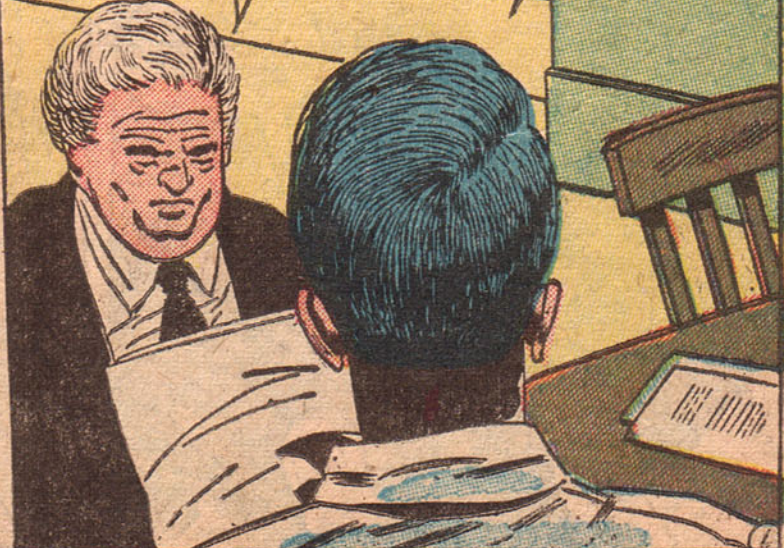
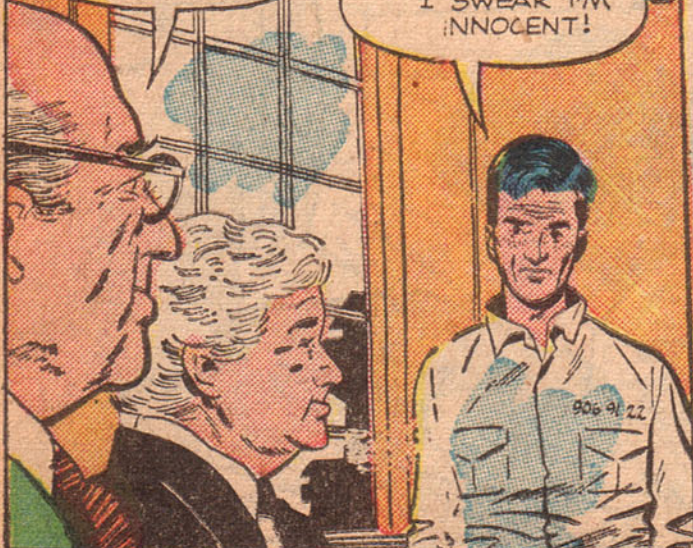
IN OCTOBER, 1944, THE STATE PAROLE BOARD WENT INTO SESSION, AND PETER DUNCAN, A THIN, PALE MAN, AGED 34, STOOD BEFORE THEM...

GO AHEAD, DUNCAN! YOU ASKED FOR A CHANCE TO TELL YOUR STORY...

YES, SIR... I LIED IN COURT... I TOLD 'EM I WAS GUILTY, BUT I REALLY WASN'T... I SWEAR I'M INNOCENT!

YOUR RECORD SAYS YOU WERE ARRESTED, TRIED, AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT! YOU PLEADED GUILTY! WHY HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

I'LL TELL THE WHOLE STORY... RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



UP UNTIL A YEAR AGO, I WAS A HAPPY MAN! I OWNED A SMALL PRINT SHOP ON THE WEST SIDE AND BUSINESS WAS GOOD...

I WAS HAPPY AT MY HOME, TOO, WITH MY WIFE, HELEN, AND MY FOUR YEAR OLD SON, JIMMY...

THEN, TWO DAYS LATER, ON A SATURDAY A MAN NAMED CLIFF DOWNING CALLED AT THE SHOP, AND...

COULD YOU AND FREDDIE WORK OVERTIME, GEORGE? WE'RE FLOODED WITH ORDERS!

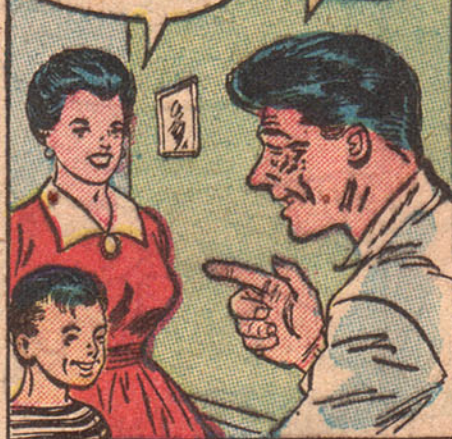
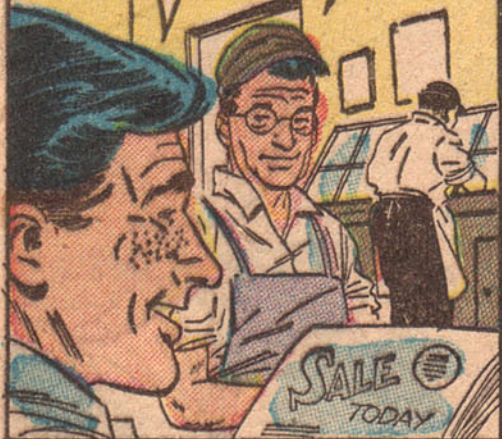
SURE, MR. DUNCAN! WE'D BE GLAD TO!

THEN YOU DO THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A VACATION! THAT'S WONDERFUL, PETER! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD!

IT'LL BE A CINCH, HONEY! GEORGE CAN RUN THE SHOP!

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A LOFT UPSTAIRS WHICH YOU AREN'T USING, MR. DUNCAN! I AM PRESSED FOR SPACE TO DO SOME JOB PRESS PRINTING OF MY OWN!

I USE THAT LOFT FOR STORAGE! I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF RENTING IT OUT!



I SAID I NEEDED THE SPACE, MR. DUNCAN! I'M WILLING TO PAY 600 DOLLARS A MONTH FOR IT!

SIX HUNDRED A MONTH! WHY, I...UH... THAT'S MORE THAN MY PRESENT PROFIT, ALL RIGHT, MR. DOWNING!

ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, DOWNING AND SOME MEN MOVED SOME PRESSES UP TO THE LOFT... THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY TROUBLES...

MAYBE A COUPLE OF MY MEN CAN GIVE YOU A HAND WITH THOSE THINGS, MR. DOWNING!

NEVER MIND, THANKS! WE CAN MANAGE IT!



AFTER I CAME BACK FROM MY VACATION, I DISCOVERED WHY DOWNING WAS SO GENEROUS WITH HIS RENT!

I CHECKED ON THIS NEW BATCH, DOWNING! THEY'RE TERRIFIC!

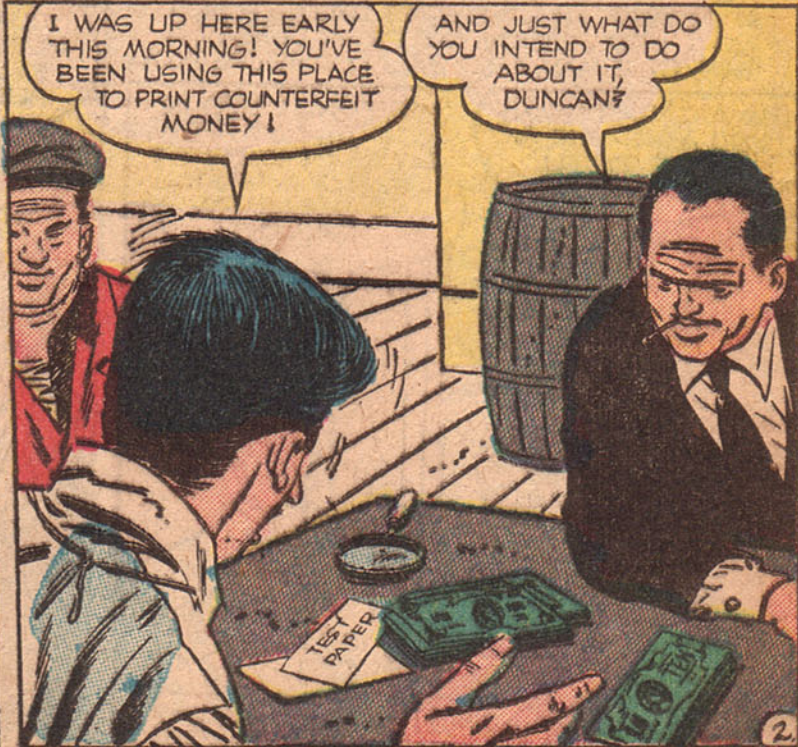
I WANT TO SEE YOU, MR. DOWNING!

OH, COME IN, DUNCAN, COME IN!

THEY SHOULD BE! I GOT A NEW ETCHER!

I WAS UP HERE EARLY THIS MORNING! YOU'VE BEEN USING THIS PLACE TO PRINT COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

AND JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT, DUNCAN?



I'LL GO TO THE POLICE, THAT'S WHAT—UNLESS YOU GET THAT STUFF AND YOUR CROOKS OUT OF HERE!

GO AHEAD! YOU MIGHT ALSO EXPLAIN TO THE COPS WHY YOU GET 600 DOLLARS A MONTH FOR THIS CRUMMY LOFT!

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

JUST THIS, DUNCAN! NOBODY WILL BELIEVE YOU'D GET PAID THAT MUCH MONEY FOR RENT ALONE! SINCE THIS LOFT IS WORTH ONLY ABOUT FIFTY BUCKS, THEY'LL FIGURE YOU WERE PAID OFF, THAT'S WHAT!

YOU'RE STUCK, BROTHER... NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

I GOT BAD NEWS, DOWNING!

THE BRAD HARRINGTON MOB IS GUNNING FOR YOU! WORD'S OUT THAT WE WERE PASSIN' THE PHONIES AT HIS RACE TRACK AN' CRAP JOINTS!

WELL, ARE WE GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM TO COME... OR ARE WE GOING AFTER HIM?

LET'S GO—YOU, TOO, DUNCAN!

PLEASE, DOWNING, I HAVE A WIFE AND CHILD! I DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP IN A GANG WAR! GIVE ME A BREAK!

SHUT UP! YOU'RE COMING WITH US! I GOT USE FOR YOU!

I WAS FORCED INTO A SEDAN, THEN DRIVEN ACROSS TOWN NEAR THE RIVER...

ONE FALSE MOVE OUT OF YOU, DUNCAN, AND YOU'LL GET IT THE SAME AS HARRINGTON!

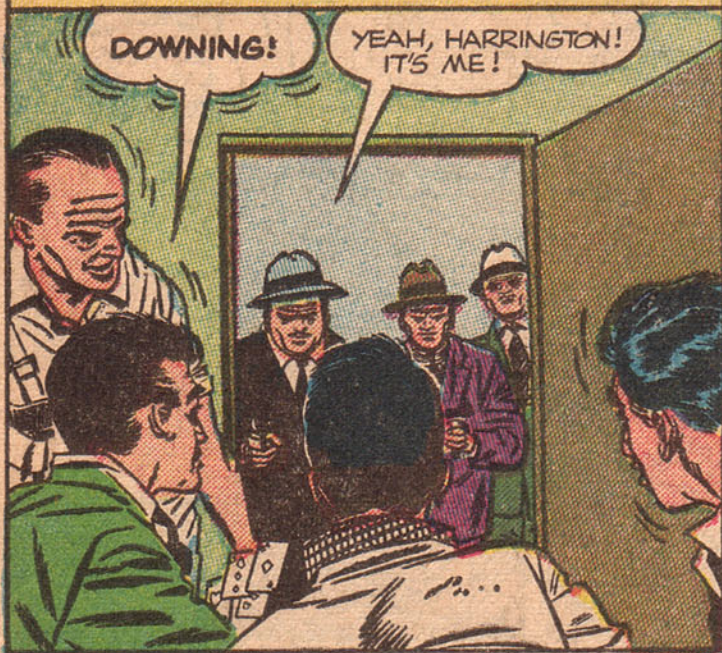
WHAT DID YOU BRING ME FOR?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!

WE ENTERED THE SIDE DOOR OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING ON THE EAST SIDE AND SILENTLY WALKED UP ONE FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

OKAY—KICK IT IN!

THEY DIDN'T BOTHER TO KNOCK! THEY CONFRONTED BRAD HARRINGTON AND HIS THUGS AS THEY WERE PLAYING CARDS...



DOWNING!

YEAH, HARRINGTON! IT'S ME!

SUDDENLY THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THE ROAR AND THUNDER OF GUNFIRE... HARRINGTON'S GOONS NEVER HAD A CHANCE! IT WAS SHEER MASSACRE...



GIVE IT TO 'EM... BUT LEAVE HARRINGTON TO ME! HE'S ALL MINE!

RAT-A-TAT-ATAT-
TAC-TAC-TAC

TAT-ATAT-TAT

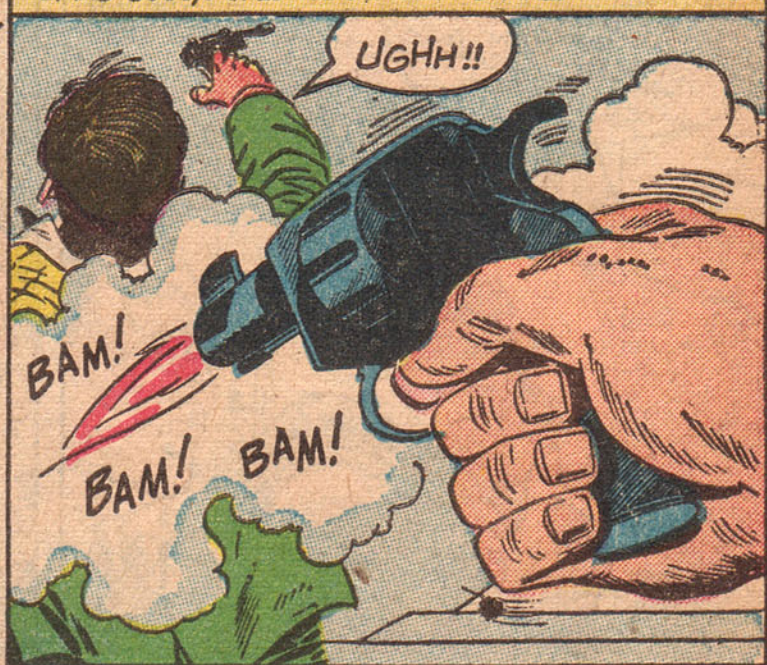
TAC-TAC-TAC

I DON'T KNOW HOW BRAD HARRINGTON EVER STAYED ON HIS FEET, BUT HE DID... HE LUNGED FOR THE DOOR, TOWARD THE BACK STAIRWAY OUTSIDE...



HARRINGTON'S RUNNIN' FOR IT!

DOWNING RAGED FROM THE ROOM AFTER THE RIVAL GANG BOSS, AIMED HIS PISTOL AND FIRED THREE TIMES...



UGHH!!

BAM!

BAM! BAM!

HARRINGTON WENT DOWN THE STAIRS, TUMBLING HEAD-OVER-HEELS...



SOMEBODY MUST'VE CALLED TH' COPS, BOSS! THEY'RE COMIN' UP TH' FRONT WAY!

NOW YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT I BROUGHT YOU FOR, DUNCAN! HERE... TAKE THIS GUN!



YOU'RE STAYIN' TO MEET THE COPS, AND GET THIS STRAIGHT, CHUM! IF YOU BREATHE ONE WORD ABOUT ME TO THE COPS, YOUR WIFE AND KID'LL WIND UP LOOKIN' INTO THE BARREL OF A TOMMY GUN!

YOU RAT!



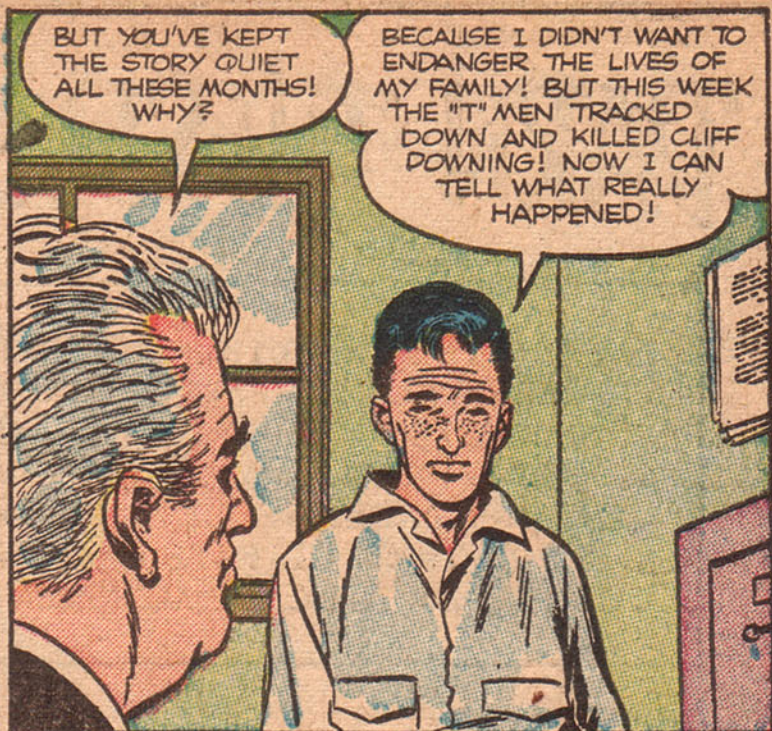
AND THAT'S WHERE I WAS WHEN THE POLICE CAME IN—STANDING OVER HARRINGTON'S BODY, WITH THE MURDER GUN IN MY HANDS...

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, FELLER! TAKE HIM, BOYS! WE GOT THIS ONE RED-HANDED!



BUT YOU'VE KEPT THE STORY QUIET ALL THESE MONTHS! WHY?

BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO ENDANGER THE LIVES OF MY FAMILY! BUT THIS WEEK THE "T" MEN TRACKED DOWN AND KILLED CLIFF DOWNING! NOW I CAN TELL WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!



NOW THAT YOU'VE TOLD US THIS, PETER, WE'LL REOPEN THE INVESTIGATION ON YOUR CASE! IF WE FIND YOUR STORY TO BE TRUE, YOU CAN DEPEND ON BEING RELEASED IMMEDIATELY!

THANK YOU, SIR! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

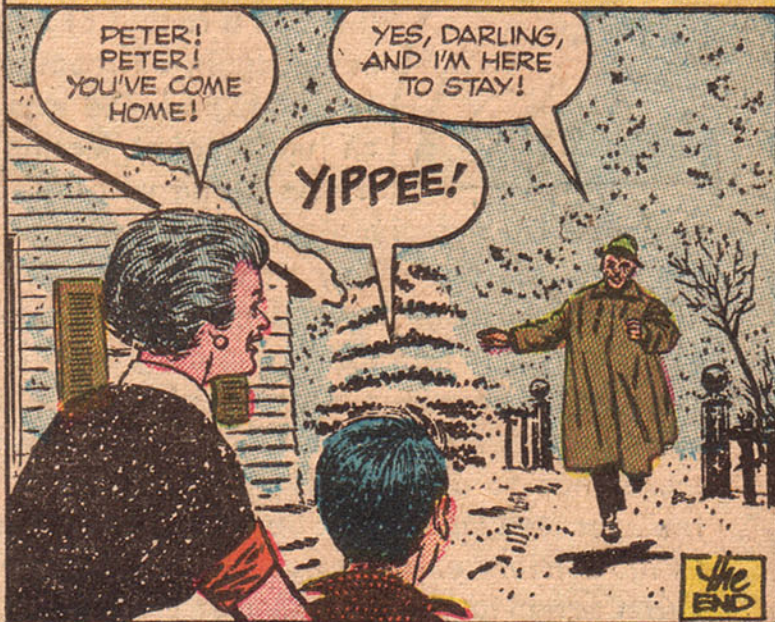


THE REOPENING OF THE PETER DUNCAN CASE EVENTUALLY INVOLVED SEVERAL MEMBERS OF DOWNING'S GANG! THEY VERIFIED DUNCAN'S STORY! HIS RELEASE FOLLOWED AT ONCE, AND TODAY, PETER DUNCAN IS A FREE MAN!

PETER! PETER! YOU'VE COME HOME!

YES, DARLING, AND I'M HERE TO STAY!

YIPPEE!



STRAIGHT FROM THE RECORD



ONE-TIME MAYOR LAGUARDIA AND THREE MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT DESIGNED A SPECIAL TRUCK FOR THE DISPOSAL OF TIME BOMBS!



THIEVES IN OHIO STOLE SOME RAILROAD TRACKS! THEY RIPPED UP THE RAILS AND SOLD THEM AS JUNK!



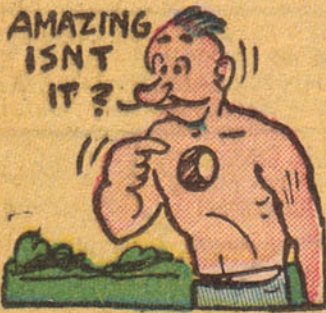
NEW YORK CITY HAS A THIRTEEN PATROL BOAT FLEET, EACH OF WHICH IS NAMED AFTER A MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE!



A THIEF STOLE \$500 WORTH OF GOLD PLATE FROM THE STEEPLE OF A CHURCH IN CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS. HE THEN POSED A REPAIR MAN AND SUBSTITUTED CHEAP GOLD PAINT FOR THE GOLD LEAF!

DARN THESE GUILLOTINES

IMAGINE THE EXECUTIONER'S SURPRISE AND PUZZLEMENT WHEN HIS CAREFULLY REHEARSED FUNCTION GOES ASTRAY! BUT, NO ONE COULD BE AS BEWILDERED AND HAPPILY AMAZED AS HIS INTENDED SUBJECT. UNBELIEVABLE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE RECORDS SHOW MANY INSTANCES WHERE A PRISONER'S LIFE WAS SPARED BY A STRANGE TRICK OF FATE OR THE NERVOUS HAND OF THE EXECUTIONER, AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT. YOU ARE A WITNESS.



Can a man be executed and live to tell about it afterwards? Can a doomed person be riddled by the bullets of a firing squad - yet survive their terrible effects? Incredible as it may seem, there is a record of such an occurrence, one which will probably never again be repeated. The unfortunate victim of the nightmarish experience was a Mexican resident of Yucatan. During an uprising at Merida in 1915, he was captured by Federal troops along with some 500 other rebels, and was condemned to death. On a designated day he appeared before a firing squad, a man resigned to his fate. As the volley was fired, the Mexican toppled and fell to the ground. An officer then came forward and fired another shot into the prostrate man's head at close range. It was the "coup de grace" bullet, intended to insure death.

Later that evening a sexton of a nearby church heard a weird moaning among the piled up victims of the firing squad. He was startled when he discovered a gory resemblance to a man still breathing! First aid and prompt medical attention saved the executed man's life. Scars on his arm, face and body remained as mute testimony of the terrible experience he underwent. Several years ago, the lone survivor of the firing squad toured a number of cities in the U.S. where many thousands of people saw him and learned of his miraculous escape from death.

HIS OWN EXECUTIONER

In the year 1842, a powerful political figure of Costa Rica was captured by a band of revolutionists, who decided to put him to death before a firing squad. When asked if he had any last words, the brave man asked that he be allowed to give the command for his own execution, a wish which was granted. So it was that the doomed man looked at the muzzles of the guns pointed straight at his heart, and uttered the word "fire" that sent a stream of bullets at him. By a queer quirk of fate, each one of the bullets missed their mark, leaving the victim alive and unharmed. It required a second volley to finish the job. It was never ascertained why each bullet missed its target the first time, an incident without precedent in history.



A FIGHTING VICTORY A strange situation arose at a penitentiary in Florida in 1926, just as a man was about to be electrocuted. After the condemned man had been strapped in the chair and a hood placed over his head, an argument arose between the warden and the sheriff as to who would throw the switch. For a full twenty minutes the doomed man sweated it out on the chair as he waited for the deadly current to surge through his body. But nothing happened. No decision having been reached in the quarrel, the condemned murderer was unstrapped and returned to his cell. Because he had undergone such an ordeal, his sentence was changed to life imprisonment and eight years later he received a full pardon when he saved two lives on the prison farm.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BE HANGED On a gray, raw morning in February, 1895, a man convicted of murdering an old woman climbed the scaffold at Exeter, England. The noose was dropped over his head and the signal given for the trap to be sprung. The bolt was drawn - but the trap did not drop. It was quickly tested and found to be in working order. For the second time the murderer took his place and again the trap failed to work. Two more attempts were made and each resulted in failure, although tests showed the trap to be in good working order. What to do about it? The doomed man walked down the steps no man is supposed to descend, and was escorted back to his cell. His sentence was changed to life imprisonment and a few years later, for no apparent reason, he was released.

K.P. FOR ALL OF YOU!



A former Chief of Police of San Sebastian, Spain, had one of the narrowest escapes on record while facing a firing squad. The police official, with a group of other men, was lined up before a squad of government soldiers. Before the command "Fire" was given, he fainted. The militiamen failed to notice him and left him for dead with the bodies of their other victims. A short time later he regained consciousness and wandered about the vicinity half mad, under the belief that he had died. Three fleeing insurgents found him and helped him to escape across the border to France. (September, 1936.)

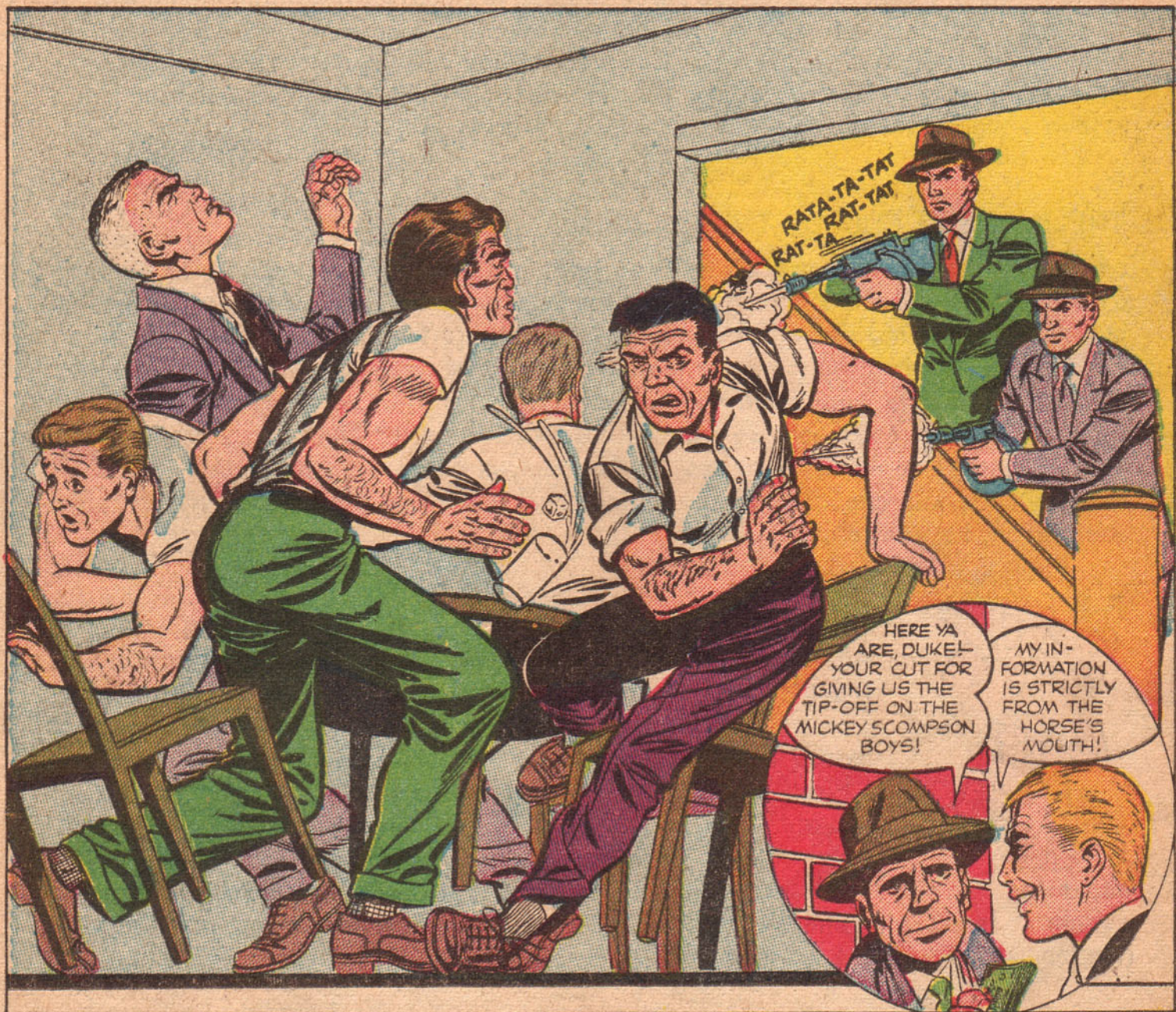


Fate played a strange prank when it made the hangman the victim of an execution in Poland in 1935. The mishap occurred while the hangman was performing his duty on a notorious gangster who had been convicted of murder. When the executioner sprung the trap, expecting the gangster to drop and be jerked to Kingdom Come, the rope snapped and the convict staggered to his feet, his neck still intact. He rushed at the hangman and gave him a vicious kick in the mid-section, causing the man to fall to the ground and writhe in agony, while holding his abdomen. Guards caught the gangster and carried him, kicking and cursing, back to his cell. When last heard from the executioner was suing the state for damages, claiming he had been permanently injured and his earning capacity impaired.

DUKE "THE SQUEAL" ALRIGHT WAS ONE UP ON THE REST OF GANGLAND...FOR IN A DEADLY GAME OF CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN, AND UNKNOWN TO THE REST OF THE UNDERWORLD, HE WORKED FOR ALL THE GANG CZARS, PLAYED ONE AGAINST THE OTHER, AND BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE...THEN SUCCESSFULLY EXECUTED A HALF MILLION DOLLAR DOUBLE CROSS...BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A TWIST!

CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE

THE WAGES OF THIS STOOLIE WAS LEAD!



HERE YA ARE, DUKE!— YOUR CUT FOR GIVING US THE TIP-OFF ON THE MICKEY SCOMPSON BOYS!

MY INFORMATION IS STRICTLY FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH!

DUKE ALRIGHT, A SMALL-TIME HOOD, WHO WAS DESTINED ONE DAY TO PULL A HALF-MILLION DOLLAR HAUL, BEGAN HIS UNIQUE CAREER ONE AFTERNOON WHEN HE OVERHEARD A VOICE FROM THE ADJOINING TELEPHONE BOOTH...

CHARLIE...NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT...BURTON PRECISION INSTRUMENT COMPANY...THERE'S ABOUT FORTY GRAND IN THE SAFE, AND I GOT A GUY WHO CAN OPEN IT! REMEMBER—SEVEN O'CLOCK, SHARP!

DUKE, SEEING A CHANCE TO PARLAY SOME INFORMATION INTO CASH, WENT DIRECTLY TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF GANG BOSS MICKEY SCOMPSON...

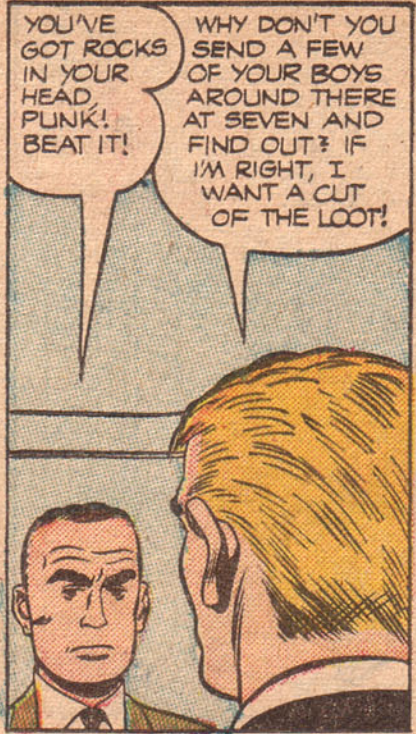
WHAT DO YOU WANT, ALRIGHT?

I WANNA SEE BIG MICKEY! TELL HIM IT CONCERNS A MATTER OF FORTY G'S!



OKAY, ALRIGHT, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I'VE GOT A HOT TIP FOR SALE, MICKEY! A PLACE THAT'S GOT FORTY G'S IN THE SAFE WILL BE CRACKED AT SEVEN TONIGHT!



YOU'VE GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD, PUNK! BEAT IT!

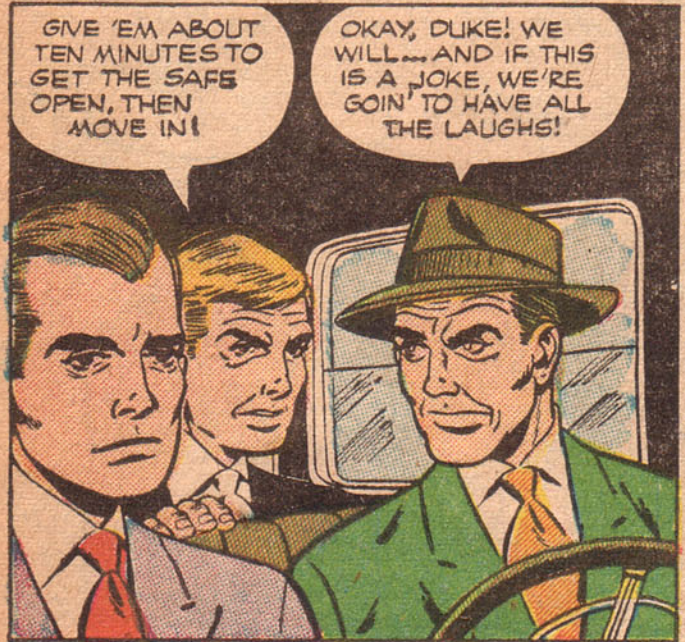
WHY DON'T YOU SEND A FEW OF YOUR BOYS AROUND THERE AT SEVEN AND FIND OUT? IF I'M RIGHT, I WANT A CUT OF THE LOOT!



I'LL SEND THE BOYS AROUND, PUNK, BUT YOU GO WITH 'EM! IF YOU'RE WRONG, YOU'LL HAVE SLUGS IN YOUR HEAD!

SURE, MICKEY! SURE! YOU'RE THE BOSS!

THAT NIGHT, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, FOUR OF MICKEY SCOMPSON'S MEN WAITED IN A CAR OUTSIDE OF THE BURTON PRECISION INSTRUMENT COMPANY...



GIVE 'EM ABOUT TEN MINUTES TO GET THE SAFE OPEN, THEN MOVE IN!

OKAY, DUKE! WE WILL... AND IF THIS IS A JOKE, WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE ALL THE LAUGHS!

EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER, SCOMPSON'S BOYS MOVED IN, AND...



LET 'EM HAVE IT, GUS!

HUNH?... UHHH-H...

MOMENTS LATER, SCOMPSON EMERGED WITH THE MONEY... AND THREE MEN LAY DEAD INSIDE...



YOU WERE RIGHT, DUKE! WE GOT THE MONEY. GET THE HEAP ROLLIN'!

BURTON PRECISION INSTRUMENT COMPANY

LATER, THEY RETURNED TO SCOMPSON'S HEADQUARTERS, WHERE...

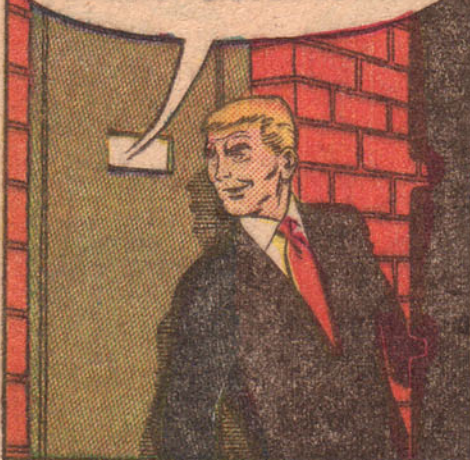


40 G'S! THAT WAS SOME HAUL, DUKE! ANYTIME YOU HAVE INFORMATION LIKE THIS, I'M INTERESTED! HERE'S THE GRAND!

THANKS, MICKEY! IT'S A DEAL!

THEN, INSTEAD OF LEAVING IMMEDIATELY, DUKE ALRIGHT LISTENED...

BECAUSE WE PICKED UP THAT EASY DOUGH TONIGHT DOESN'T MEAN WE SIT BACK IN OUR BEERS! WE MAY HAVE TROUBLE TONIGHT! SOME OF THE BOYS ARE COMING TO MY HOUSE WITH THE COLLECTION MONEY...AND THEY MIGHT ASK FOR A BIGGER CUT...



COLLECTION MONEY. THAT MEANS MICKEY'S PROTECTION RACKET BOYS WILL BE AT HIS PLACE WITH ENOUGH CASH TO SINK A SPANISH GALLEON! HMMM! WONDER WHAT GUS LARABEE WOULD PAY FOR THAT INFORMATION!



DUKE WENT TO LARABEE'S PLACE ON THE WEST SIDE WHERE HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE OFFICES OF THE GANG BOSS...

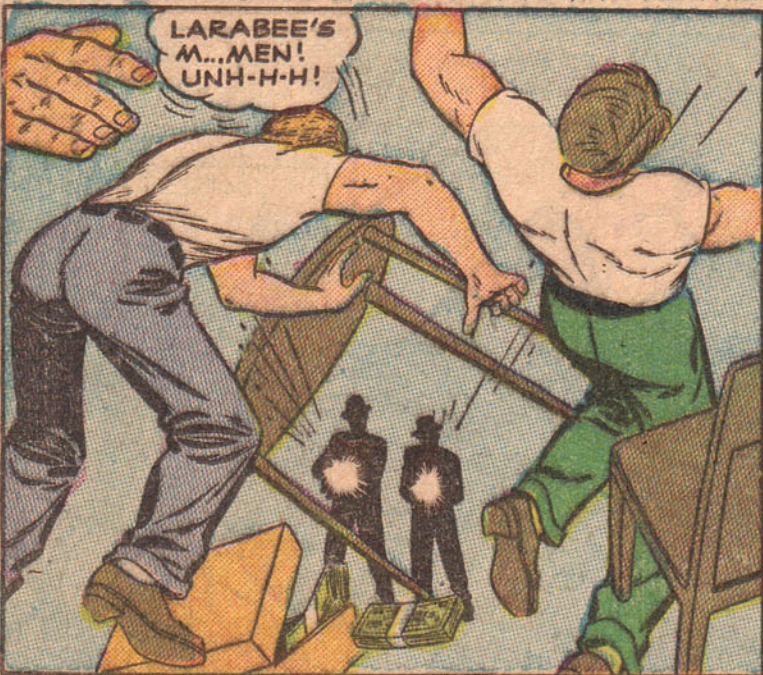
IF WHAT YOU TELL ME IS TRUE, ALRIGHT, I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

THIS IS STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH! MICKEY'S PAY-OFF BOYS WILL BE THERE! SO HELP ME!



AND JUST LIKE DUKE ALRIGHT SAID, MICKEY SCOMPSON'S PAY-OFF BOYS SHOWED UP...FOR A DATE WITH DEATH...

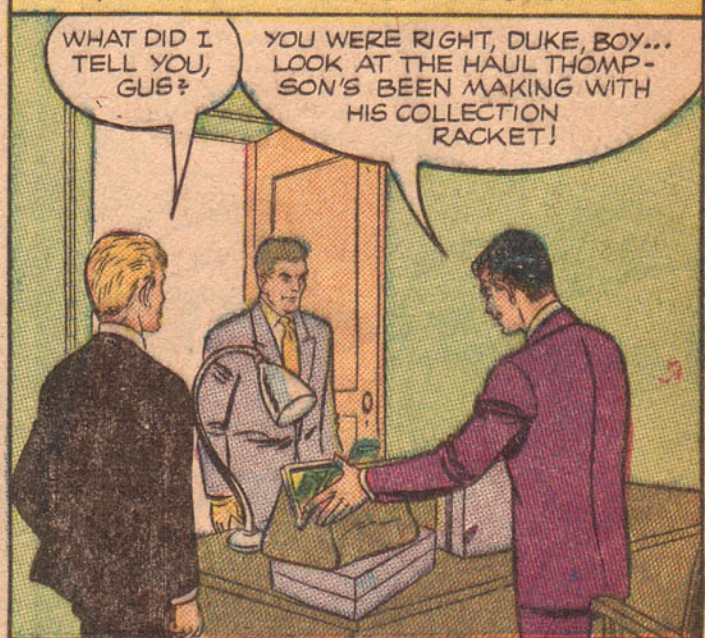
LARABEE'S M...MEN!
UNH-H-H!



GUS LARABEE'S HOODS THEN BROUGHT THREE VALISES BACK TO THE GANG BOSS'S HEADQUARTERS, WHERE DUKE ALRIGHT HAD BEEN HELD...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, GUS?

YOU WERE RIGHT, DUKE, BOY... LOOK AT THE HAUL THOMPSON'S BEEN MAKING WITH HIS COLLECTION RACKET!



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER, DUKE, BOY! HERE! FIFTEEN GRAND! IF YOU EVER GET ANY MORE INFO FOR ME...JUST REMEMBER, I PAY MY BOYS WELL!

SURE, GUS! THANKS! I'LL REMEMBER IT!



AFTER THAT, DUKE ALRIGHT TOOK A TAXI TO AN ADDRESS ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE, TO SEE A GIRL NAMED JANIE GALLAHAN...

GET YOUR TOGS ON, BABY! WE'RE BLOWING TOWN! WE'LL GET MARRIED AND TAKE OFF FOR CUBA OR SOUTH AMERICA! I'VE GOT DOUGH NOW, BABY... REAL DOUGH... 16 G'S!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DUKE... YOU'VE GOT DOUGH... BUT DON'T CALL IT REAL DOUGH! THE REAL DOUGH IS STILL TO COME!





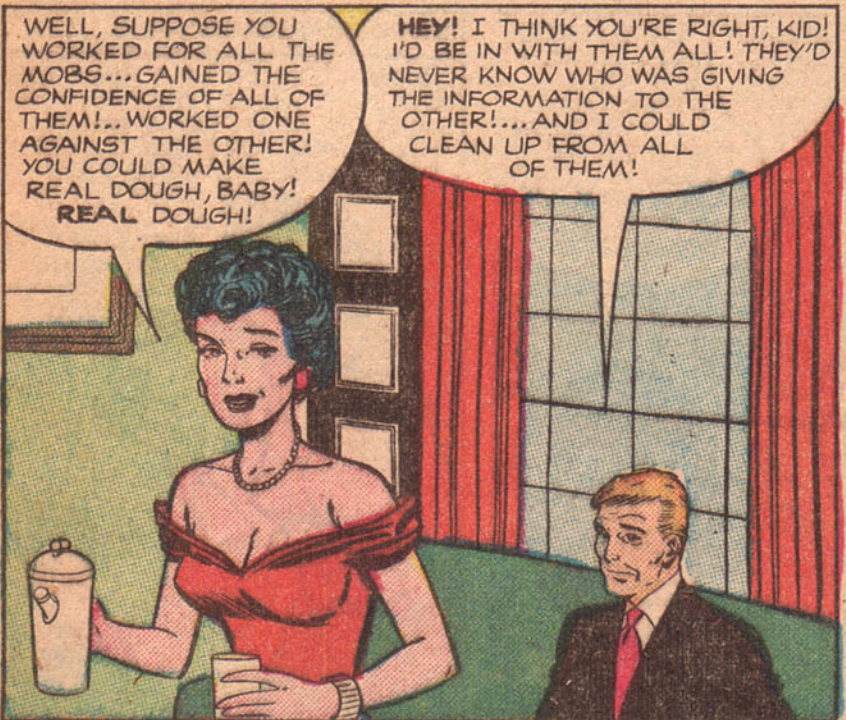
YOU MEAN... YOU DON'T CALL SIXTEEN GRAND REAL DOUGH?

MICKEY BOY - STRICTLY BY ACCIDENT, YOU OVERHEARD A PHONE CALL WHILE YOU WERE TALKING TO ME OVER THE PHONE! YOU TIPPED OFF MICKEY SCOMPSON TO A JOB AND HE PAID YOU A GRAND...



... THEN YOU OVERHEARD ONE OF MICKEY'S CONVERSATIONS AND YOU WENT TO GUS LARABEE AND TIPPED HIM OFF, AND YOU GOT FIFTEEN GRAND!

SURE, HONEY, BUT... UH... I DON'T FOLLOW YOU!



WELL, SUPPOSE YOU WORKED FOR ALL THE MOBS... GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF ALL OF THEM!... WORKED ONE AGAINST THE OTHER! YOU COULD MAKE REAL DOUGH, BABY! REAL DOUGH!

HEY! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! I'D BE IN WITH THEM ALL! THEY'D NEVER KNOW WHO WAS GIVING THE INFORMATION TO THE OTHER!... AND I COULD CLEAN UP FROM ALL OF THEM!



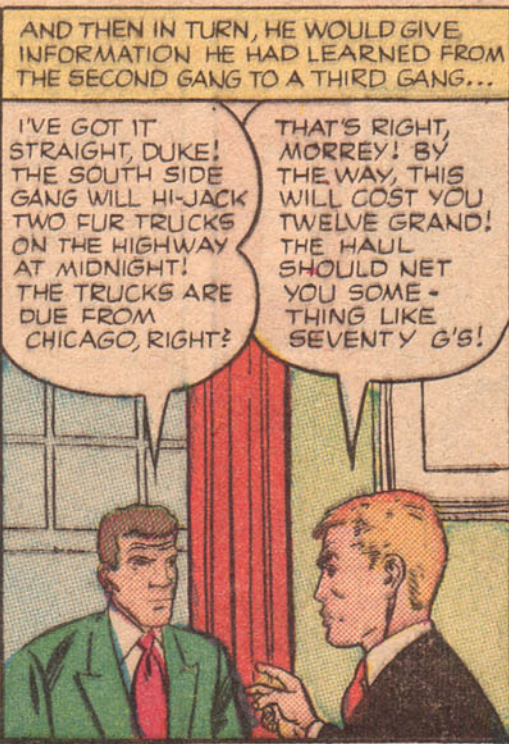
YOU MEAN WE'D CLEAN UP, DON'T YOU, HONEY?

SURE... O' COURSE! WE'D CLEAN UP!



LISTEN CAREFULLY - IT'S A BANK JOB... BY THE MORETTI GANG... THEY'LL CUT THE ELECTRIC CURRENT OFF TO FIX THE ALARMS... YEAH... SCHEDULED FOR TEN O'CLOCK...

OKAY, DUKE - THANKS! WE'LL CUT YOU IN, AS USUAL!



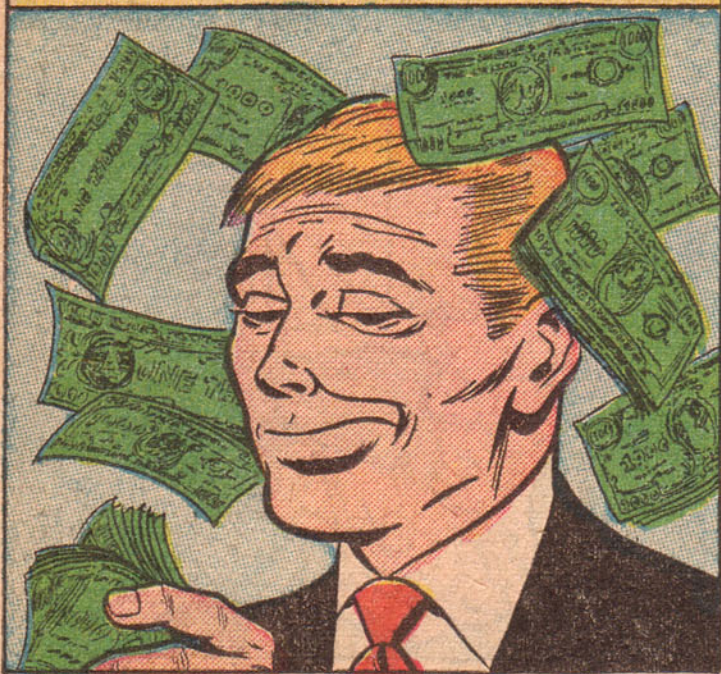
I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT, DUKE! THE SOUTH SIDE GANG WILL HI-JACK TWO FUR TRUCKS ON THE HIGHWAY AT MIDNIGHT! THE TRUCKS ARE DUE FROM CHICAGO, RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT, MORREY! BY THE WAY, THIS WILL COST YOU TWELVE GRAND! THE HAUL SHOULD NET YOU SOME - THING LIKE SEVENTY G'S!

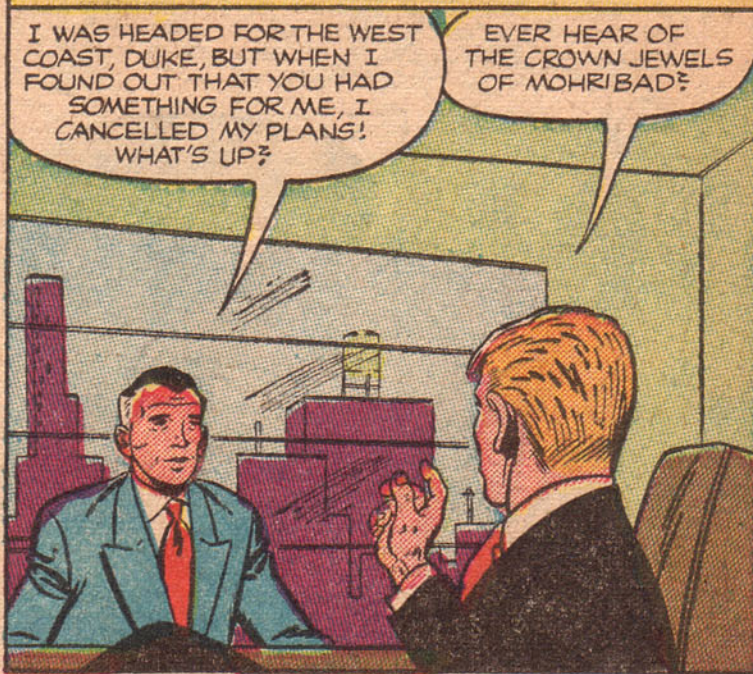


AND IN THE WAKE OF EACH BIT OF INFORMATION CAME BIT OF VIOLENCE...

MEANWHILE, DUKE ALRIGHT PROSPERED AT THE GAME OF WHOLESALE BETRAYAL!



FINALLY, CAME DUKE'S BIG BREAK... THE MILLION DOLLAR BREAK...



I WAS HEADED FOR THE WEST COAST, DUKE, BUT WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT YOU HAD SOMETHING FOR ME, I CANCELLED MY PLANS! WHAT'S UP?

EVER HEAR OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF MOHRIBAD?

SURE... DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON THOSE JEWELS! THAT'S A MILLION-DOLLAR HAUL!

THOSE JEWELS WERE SENT TO THIS COUNTRY IN SECRET, TO BE CAST INTO A NEW CROWN! I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW— AND HOW THEY CAN BE HAD! BUT, I WANT HALF! YEAH, HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!

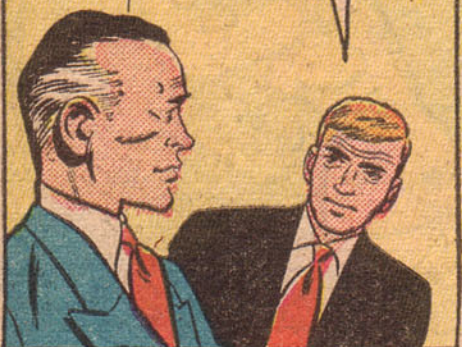
AND... I'D LIKE HALF OF MY SHARE IN ADVANCE! \$250,000, AND THE REST TO BE PAID AFTER YOU GET THE JEWELS!

THAT'S PRETTY HIGH, DUKE, BUT YOUR STEERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ON THE LEVEL! I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER MILLION NOW... AND THE REST AFTER THE JOB!

LATER, THAT NIGHT...

I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, DUKE! A HALF A MILLION! NOW WE CAN HEAD FOR SOUTH AMERICA!

BUT REMEMBER, BABY—THIS IS ONLY HALF! KEEP IT HERE WHILE I GO DOWN FOR THE BIG JOB! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS!



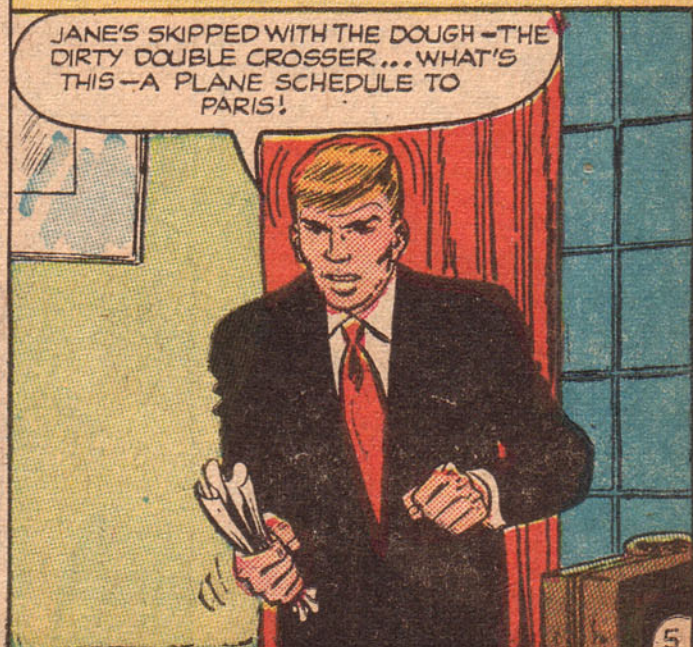
ONE HOUR LATER, THE CROWN JEWELS OF MOHRIBAD WERE STOLEN IN A DARING RAID...

GET GOIN'! WE GOT THE JEWELS! EVERY COP IN TOWN WILL BE HERE SOON!



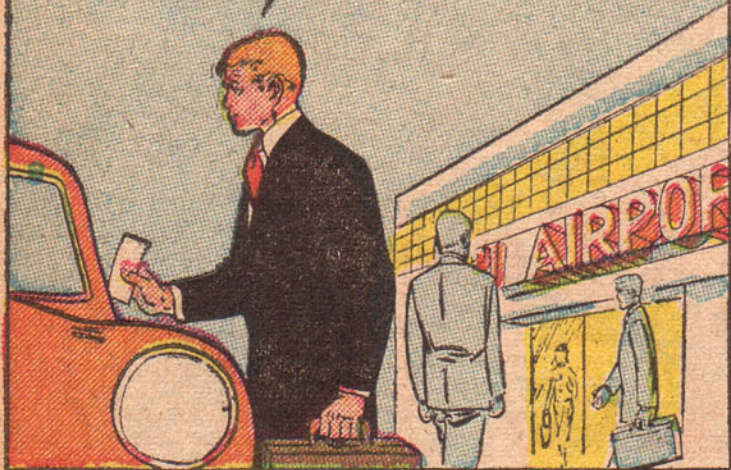
DUKE ALRIGHT COLLECTED THE BALANCE—ANOTHER \$250,000 AND HURRIED TO JANE GALLAHAN'S APARTMENT, ONLY TO FIND HER GONE!

JANE'S SKIPPED WITH THE DOUGH—THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSER... WHAT'S THIS—A PLANE SCHEDULE TO PARIS!



DUKE TOOK A TAXI TO THE NEAREST AIRPORT...

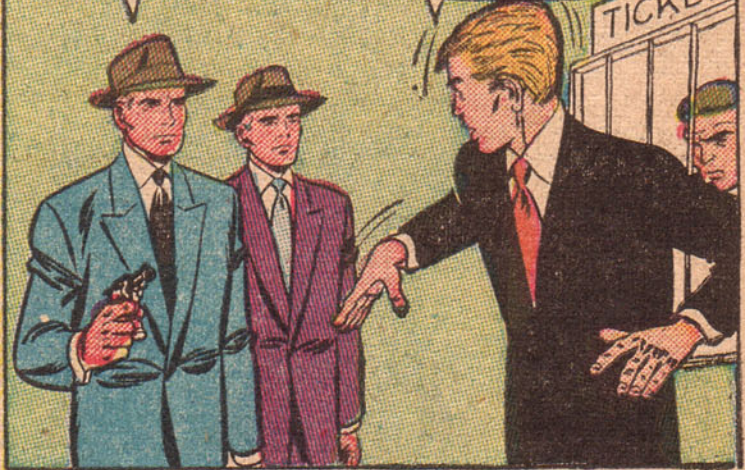
I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY BEFORE THE COPS CLOSE IN! I'VE GOTTA GO AHEAD WITH MY PLANS TO GO TO SOUTH AMERICA... BUT ONE DAY I'LL TRACK JANE DOWN, AND WHEN I DO...



DUKE WENT TO THE WINDOW AND ASKED FOR A ONE-WAY TICKET TO SOUTH AMERICA, GIVING THE CLERK A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL! THE CLERK DISAPPEARED MOMENTARILY AND RETURNED WITH TWO MEN...

LOOK, BUSTER, THE MONEY YOU GAVE THE CLERK WAS COUNTERFEIT! LET'S GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

COUNTERFEIT? THEY PAID ME OFF A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS IN COUNTERFEIT MONEY! THOSE RATS!

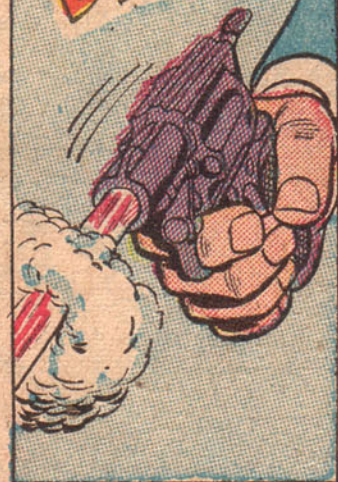


SO HELP ME, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'LL GET THEM!

STOP! STOP, OR I'LL FIRE!



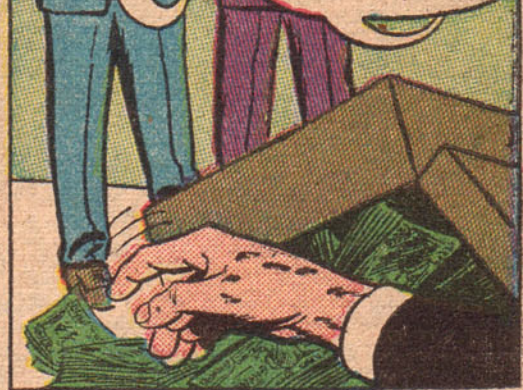
BLAM
BLAM



AND THUS, THAT NIGHT AT THE AIRPORT, DUKE "THE SQUEAL" ALRIGHT - MASTER OF THE ART OF SQUEALING... MET HIS END...

THAT'S STRANGE! HE'S THE SECOND ONE TONIGHT WHO TRIED TO BUY A TICKET WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

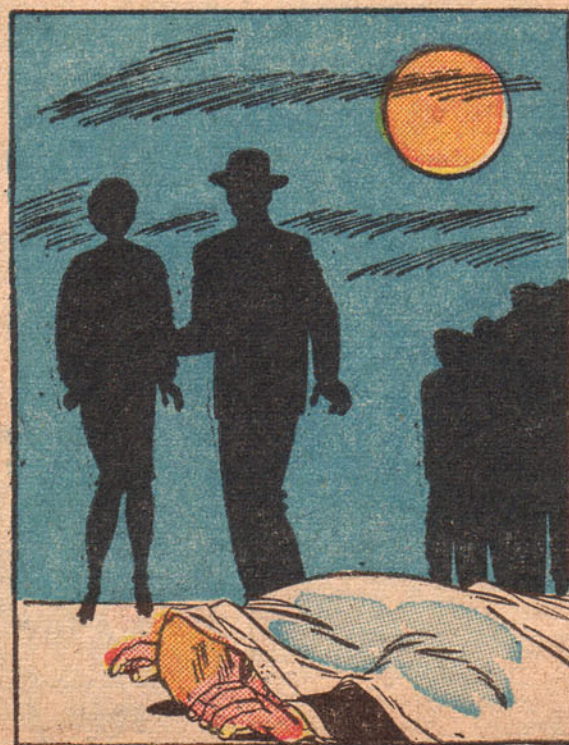
THAT'S RIGHT...THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BY A PLANE TICKET TO PARIS! BRING HER OUT! MAYBE SHE CAN TELL US ALL ABOUT THIS AT HEADQUARTERS!



JANE GALLAHAN WAS LED OUT...PAST THE SPRAWLED BODY OF DUKE ALRIGHT, WHERE SHE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT...

YOU CHUMP! YOU UNFORGIVABLE CHUMP! IMAGINE TAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY FOR A PAY-OFF! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO YOU!

COME ON, LADY, LET'S GO!



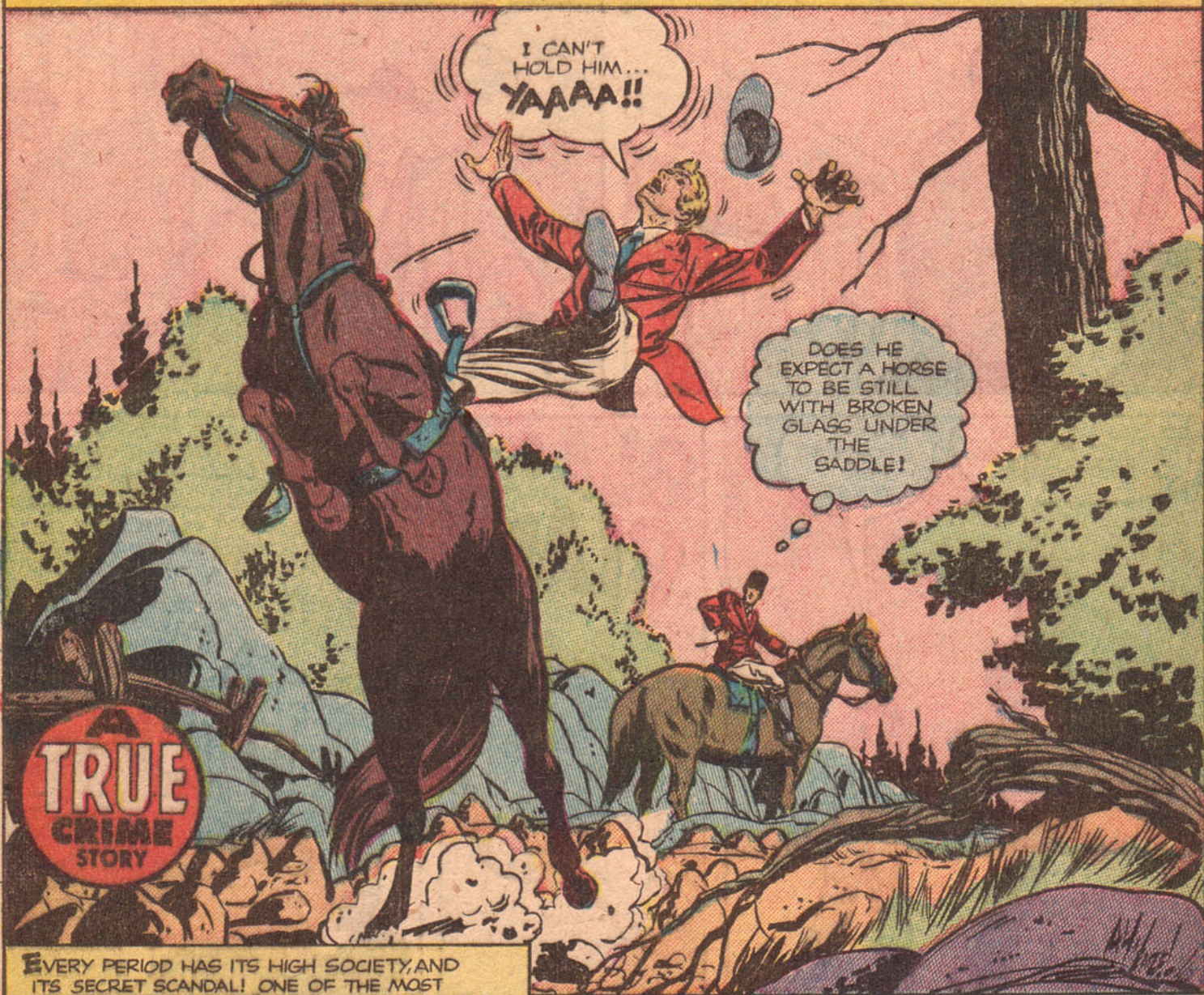
AND THUS, THE CASE OF DUKE, "THE SQUEAL" ALRIGHT COMES TO A CLOSE! THE STRANGE CAREER OF GANGLAND'S MASTER STOOL PIGEON ENDED IN THE GUTTER, DOUBLE-CROSSED BY FATE!



The End

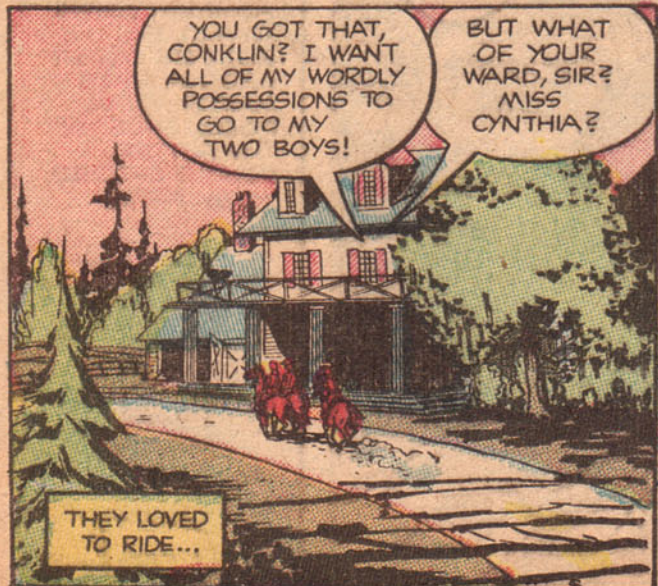
BACK TO THE LIVING

THE VENGEANCE OF A MAN WHO CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD!



**TRUE
CRIME
STORY**

EVERY PERIOD HAS ITS HIGH SOCIETY, AND ITS SECRET SCANDAL! ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS CRIMES OF THIS CENTURY OCCURRED IN THE FALL OF 1908! DISTINGUISHED JOHN NORTON FRAWLEY HAD TWO MARRIAGES! HE HAD A SON FROM EACH! THE YOUNG MEN HELD A DEAR PLACE IN HIS HEART, BUT HIS FIRST LOVE WAS HIS WARD, BEAUTIFUL CYNTHIA LANGER...



YOU GOT THAT, CONKLIN? I WANT ALL OF MY WORDLY POSSESSIONS TO GO TO MY TWO BOYS!

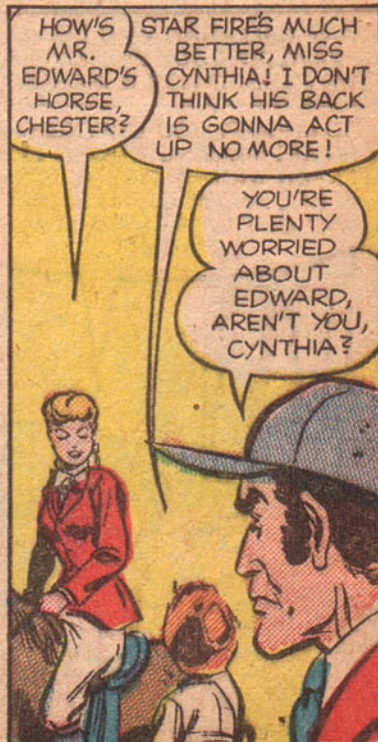
BUT WHAT OF YOUR WARD, SIR? MISS CYNTHIA?

THEY LOVED TO RIDE...



I DON'T THINK YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT CYNTHIA! WITH BOTH OF MY BOYS SEEKING TO MARRY HER! SHE'S BOUND TO ACCEPT ONE OF THEM!

LET'S GET SOME AIR, CONKLIN! WE CAN FINISH LATER!



HOW'S MR. EDWARD'S HORSE, CHESTER?

STAR FIRE'S MUCH BETTER, MISS CYNTHIA! I DON'T THINK HIS BACK IS GONNA ACT UP NO MORE!

YOU'RE PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT EDWARD, AREN'T YOU, CYNTHIA?

JEFF, WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR NASTY INSINUATIONS TO YOURSELF?

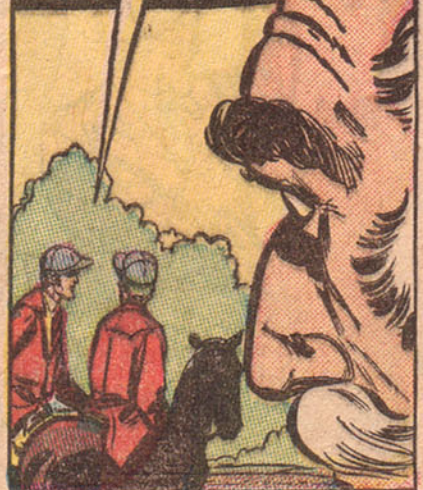
I'LL SAY WHAT I PLEASE!

STOP IT! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE ENEMIES, NOT BROTHERS!



HALF BROTHERS, IF YOU PLEASE! MY MOTHER WAS A LADY! AS FAR AS FATHER'S SIDE OF ME IS CONCERNED, YOU CAN HAVE THAT!

OH, NO! HE CAN NOT MEAN THAT!



COME BACK INSIDE, CONKLIN! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MY WILL!

JEFF, IF IT WASN'T FOR DAD, I'D BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!

THAT'S VERY EASY TO SAY!



WAIT, CYNTHIA! COME BACK! THE HUNT STARTS IN A FEW MNUTES!

I'M NOT GOING! I TOLD YOU I WASN'T GOING TO PUT UP WITH ANY MORE OF YOUR ARGUMENTS AND I MEAN IT!

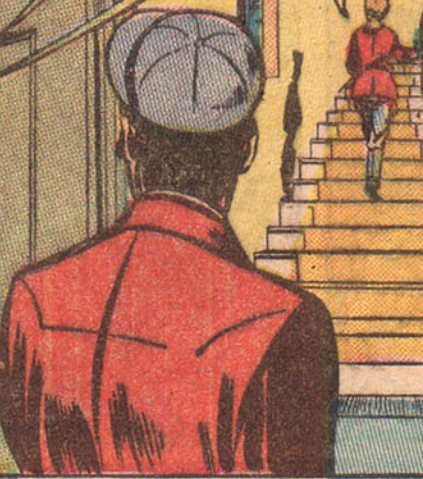
GIDDAP, STAR FIRE!



ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO CUT JEFF COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR WILL?

YES! NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT HE REALLY THINKS OF ME!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, JEFF! I'M NOT GOING!



SO BROTHER EDWARD WILL GET IT ALL, WILL HE? I WONDER HOW STAR FIRE WILL LIKE GLASS UNDER HIS SADDLE?



CYNTHIA WAS RIGHT, ED! I HOPE YOU'LL ACCEPT MY APOLOGY! I DON'T WANT OUR RIVALRY OVER HER TO SPLIT US UP!

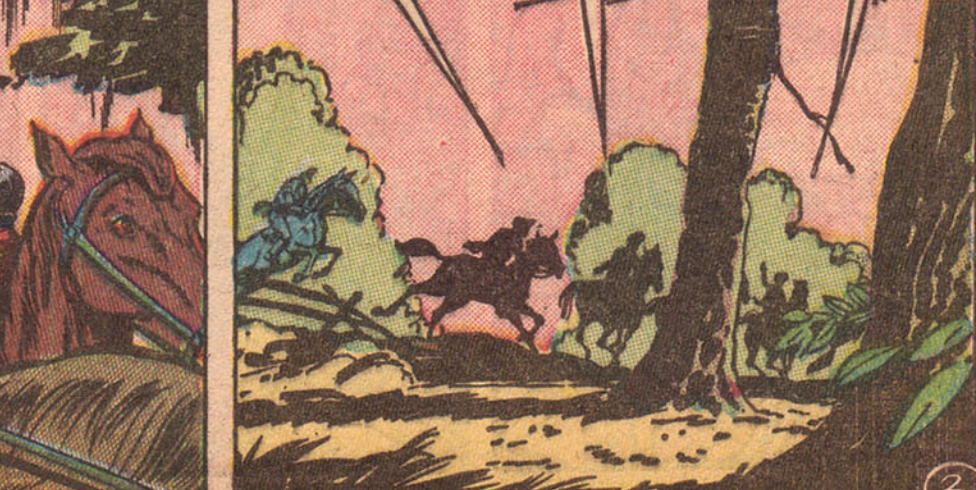
WHY, SURE, JEFF! I KIND OF LOST MY HEAD, MYSELF! C'MON, THEY'RE READY TO START THE HUNT!

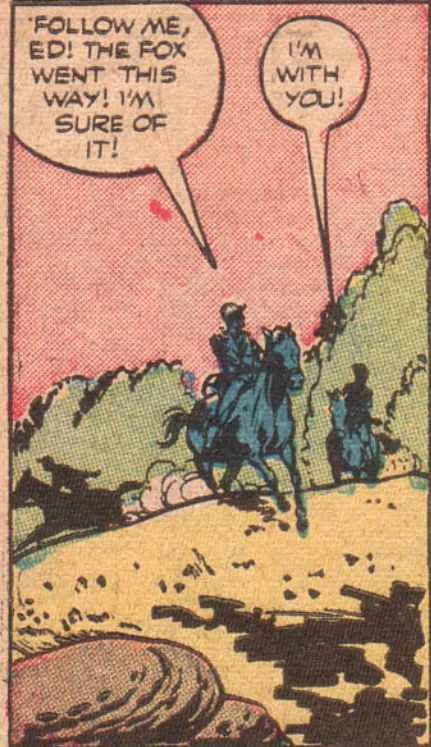


HOW IS STAR FIRE RIDING, EDWARD?

HE'S A LITTLE JUMPY YET, BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

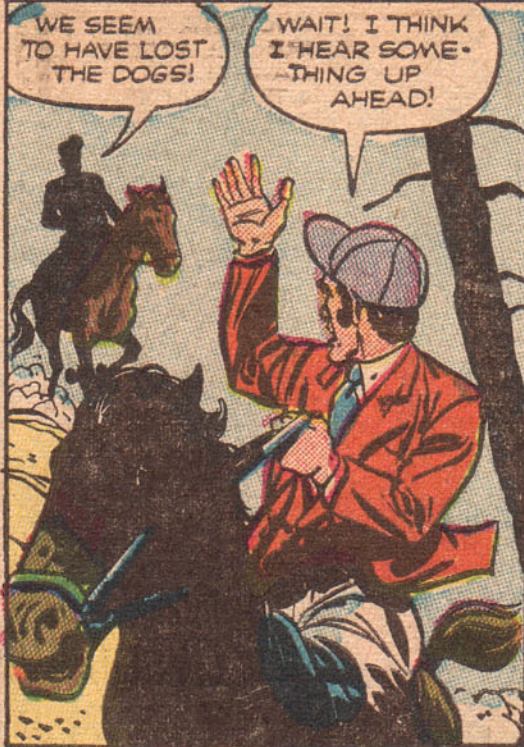
TALLYHO!





FOLLOW ME, ED! THE FOX WENT THIS WAY! I'M SURE OF IT!

I'M WITH YOU!



WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE DOGS!

WAIT! I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING UP AHEAD!



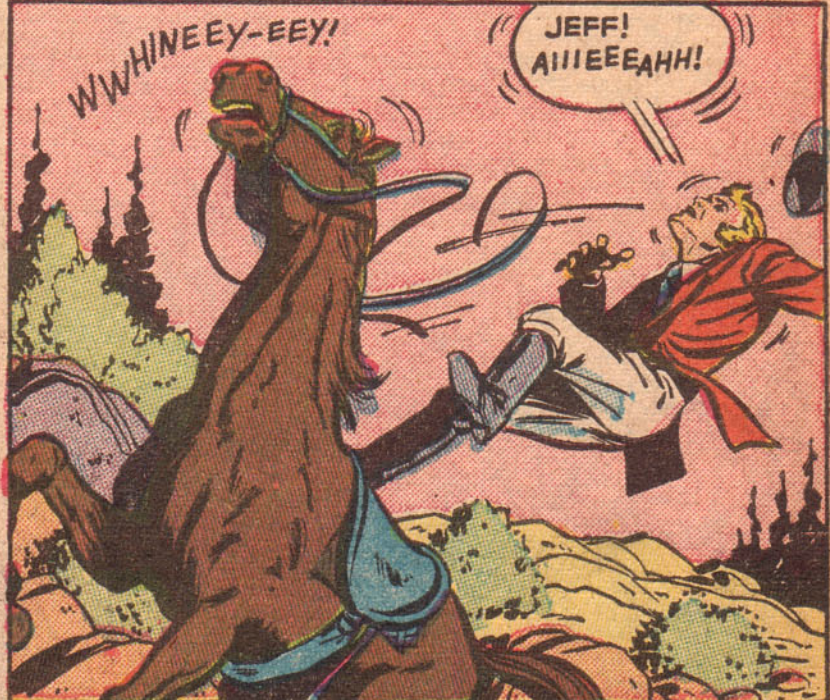
DOWN THAT WAY - IT SOUNDED AS IF THE DOGS HAD SOMETHING!

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING, JEFF! JUST THE WIND THROUGH THE TREES!



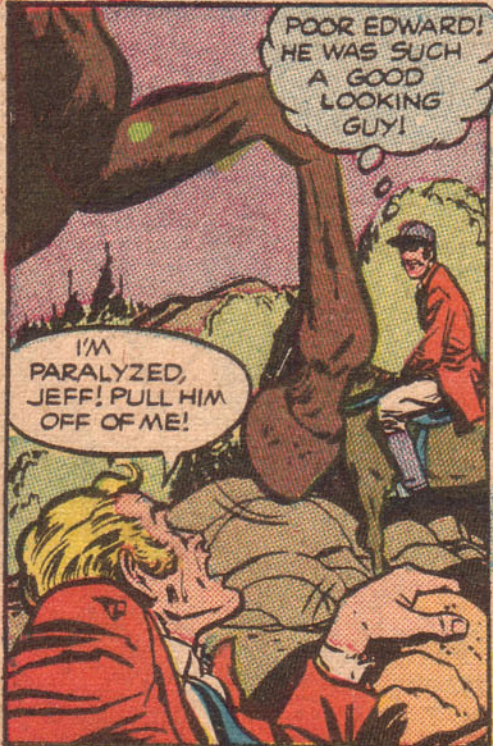
WELL, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S RIDE!

EASY, STAR FIRE... EASY, BOY! WAIT! JEFF! WAIT! I'M HAVING SOME TROUBLE!



WHINEEY-EY!

JEFF! AIIIEEAHH!



POOR EDWARD! HE WAS SUCH A GOOD LOOKING GUY!

I'M PARALYZED, JEFF! PULL HIM OFF OF ME!



AGGHH!

HE'S LEAVING ME! HE'S GLAD THIS HAPPENED!



WHERE'S EDWARD?

WE SPLIT UP BACK IN THE WOODS! I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU! HE'S PROBABLY GONE BACK ALONE!



NO, EDWARD ISN'T HERE! WASN'T HE WITH YOU?

MR. EDWARD'S HORSE HAS COME BACK, SIR!

STAR FIRE MUST HAVE THROWN HIM! I'LL PHONE LEN JONES! HE'LL HELP US SEARCH, TOO!



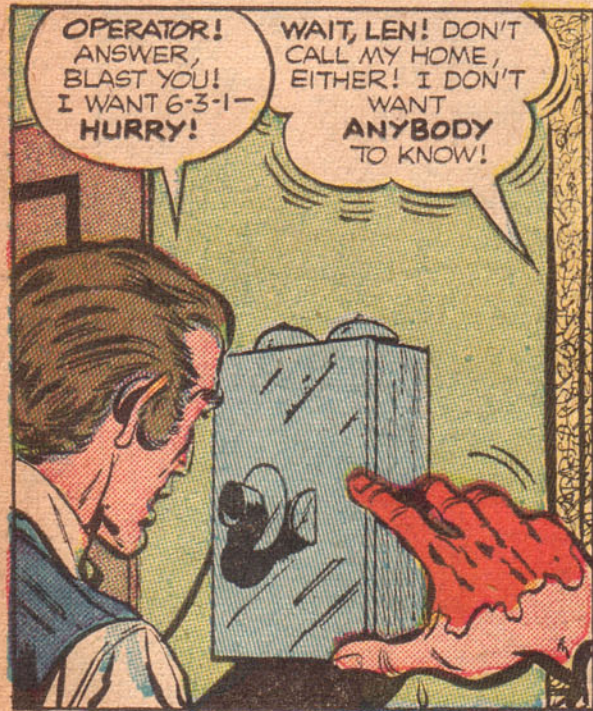
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, JEFF! SURE, I'LL SADDLE UP RIGHT AWAY! SEE YOU IN TEN MINUTES! ...POOR EDWARD!

WHAT WAS THAT?



EDWARD! THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS LOOKING FOR Y... GOSH! YOU POOR GUY! YOU'RE BADLY HURT! I'LL CALL DOCTOR SIBLEY!

NO, LEN! DON'T! I DON'T WANT A DOCTOR!



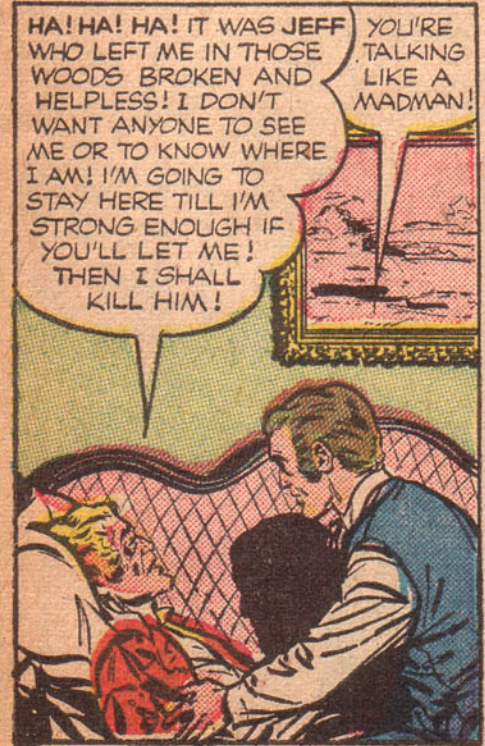
OPERATOR! ANSWER, BLAST YOU! I WANT 6-3-1— HURRY!

WAIT, LEN! DON'T CALL MY HOME, EITHER! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW!



YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND! YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IT A SECRET, LEN! YOU'VE... OHHHH...

I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO WORRY THEM, BUT AT LEAST LET ME CALL YOUR BROTHER, JEFF!



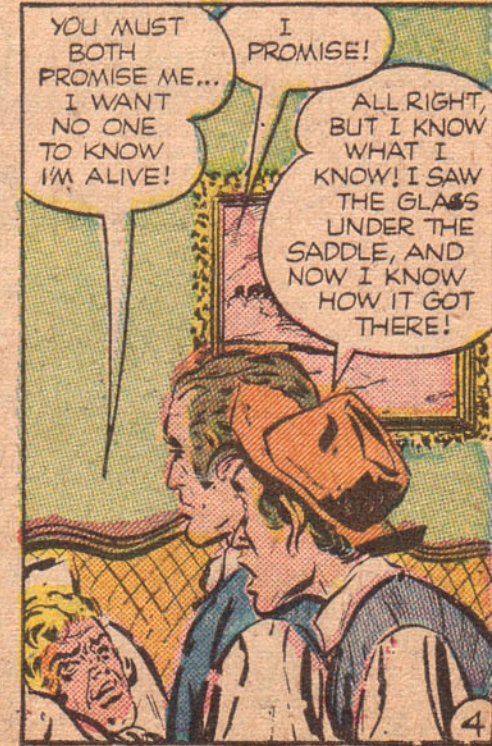
HA! HA! HA! IT WAS JEFF WHO LEFT ME IN THOSE WOODS BROKEN AND HELPLESS! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME OR TO KNOW WHERE I AM! I'M GOING TO STAY HERE TILL I'M STRONG ENOUGH IF YOU'LL LET ME! THEN I SHALL KILL HIM!

YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A MADMAN!



PERHAPS I AM A LITTLE MAD, QUENTIN! WHO'S THAT??

I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU, MR. JONES! EDWARD'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS NO ACCIDENT... WHY, MR. EDWARD!!



YOU MUST BOTH PROMISE ME... I WANT NO ONE TO KNOW I'M ALIVE!

I PROMISE!

ALL RIGHT, BUT I KNOW WHAT I KNOW! I SAW THE GLASS UNDER THE SADDLE, AND NOW I KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE!

AFTER TWO MONTHS HAD PASSED...

HE MUST BE DEAD! I KNOW HOW YOU FELT ABOUT EDWARD, BUT YOU CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WAITING FOR HIM! I LOVE YOU, CYNTHIA! WILL YOU MARRY ME?

I...ALL RIGHT, JEFF! WE CAN TELL DAD NOW, BUT WHERE COULD ED BE? THEY'D SURELY HAVE FOUND HIS BODY BY NOW!



LET'S ELOPE, CYNTHIA! JUDGE CONWAY WILL MARRY US TONIGHT! I'LL CALL FOR THE CARRIAGE!

VERY WELL, JEFF! I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER!



THEY HAD SUITCASES! THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! I MUST TELL MR. EDWARD AT ONCE!



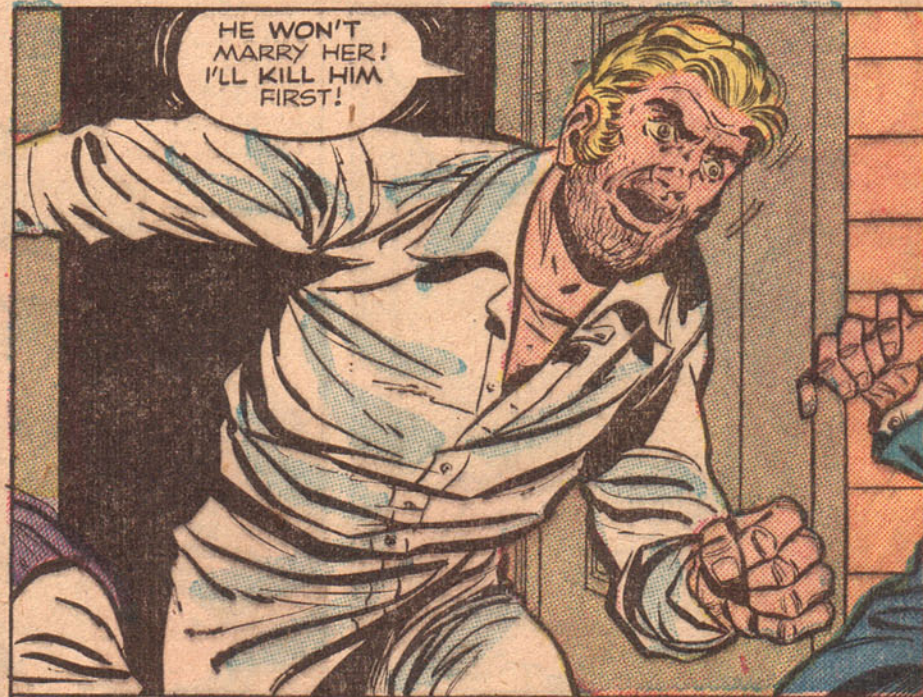
I THOUGHT MR. EDWARD SHOULD KNOW! MISS CYNTHIA AND MR. JEFF HAVE RUN AWAY TOGETHER DOWN THE OLD NORTH ROAD!

NOT SO LOUD! HE MUST NOT KNOW!

BUT I DO KNOW!!

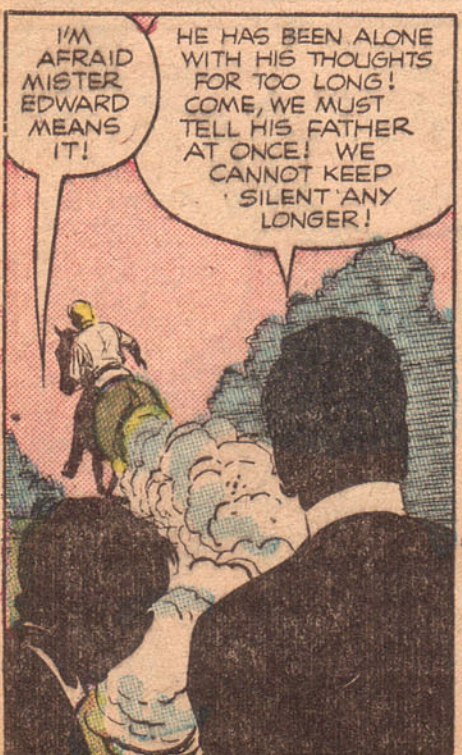


HE WON'T MARRY HER! I'LL KILL HIM FIRST!



I'M AFRAID MISTER EDWARD MEANS IT!

HE HAS BEEN ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS FOR TOO LONG! COME, WE MUST TELL HIS FATHER AT ONCE! WE CANNOT KEEP SILENT ANY LONGER!



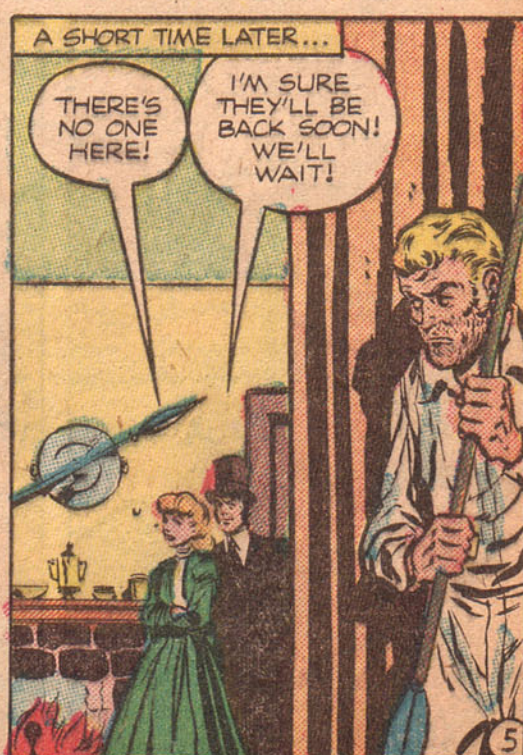
THE OLD NORTH ROAD... THEY'RE HEADING FOR JUDGE CONWAY'S! I CAN CUT ACROSS THE FIELDS AND BEAT THEM THERE! I WILL BE WAITING FOR THEM!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

I'M SURE THEY'LL BE BACK SOON! WE'LL WAIT!



ED FRAWLEY WAITED PATIENTLY FOR HIS CHANCE...BUT WHEN AT LAST IT CAME...



I...I CAN'T DO IT...



WE WISH TO GET MARRIED, JUDGE!

HOW NICE!

VERY WELL, MY BOY, BUT WE'LL NEED ANOTHER WITNESS!



I'LL BE YOUR WITNESS, JEFF! IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT ONE BROTHER SHOULD STAND UP FOR ANOTHER! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, JEFF?

EEEEEE!!

NO! NO! YOU'RE DEAD!!

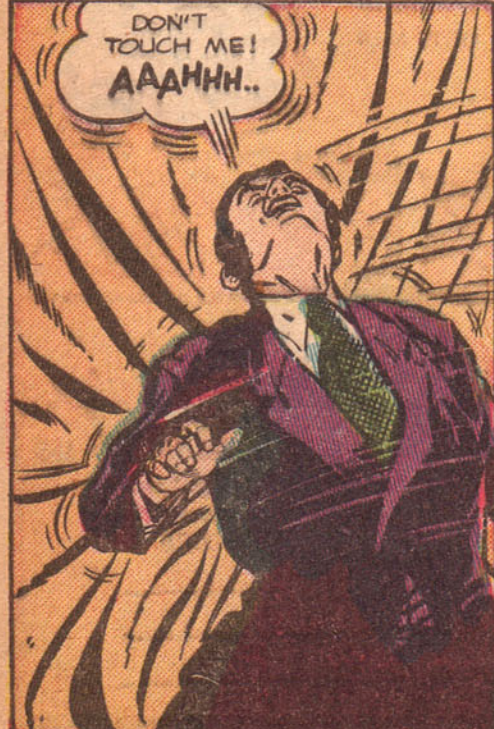


NOT QUITE DEAD, JEFF! YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD YOU THOUGHT! AND NOW I'M BACK, JEFF! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

DON'T YOU COME NEAR ME!!



DON'T TOUCH ME! AAAHHH..



OH, EDWARD! YOU DID KILL HIM! WHY-WHY? TWO WRONGS NEVER MADE A RIGHT!

ED DIDN'T DO IT, MR. FRAWLEY! HE WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN GUILT AND FEAR! EDWARD DIDN'T LAY A HAND ON HIM!



EDWARD, WE'VE RESET ALL YOUR BROKEN BONES! YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW MONTHS!

THAT'S A LONG TIME TO WAIT!

WE HAVE A WHOLE LIFE-TIME AHEAD OF US, DARLING!



The END

AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST, THE DEATH WAS HELD TO BE AN ACCIDENT! BUT THIS CASE STILL REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER STORIES OF THE YOUNG CENTURY!

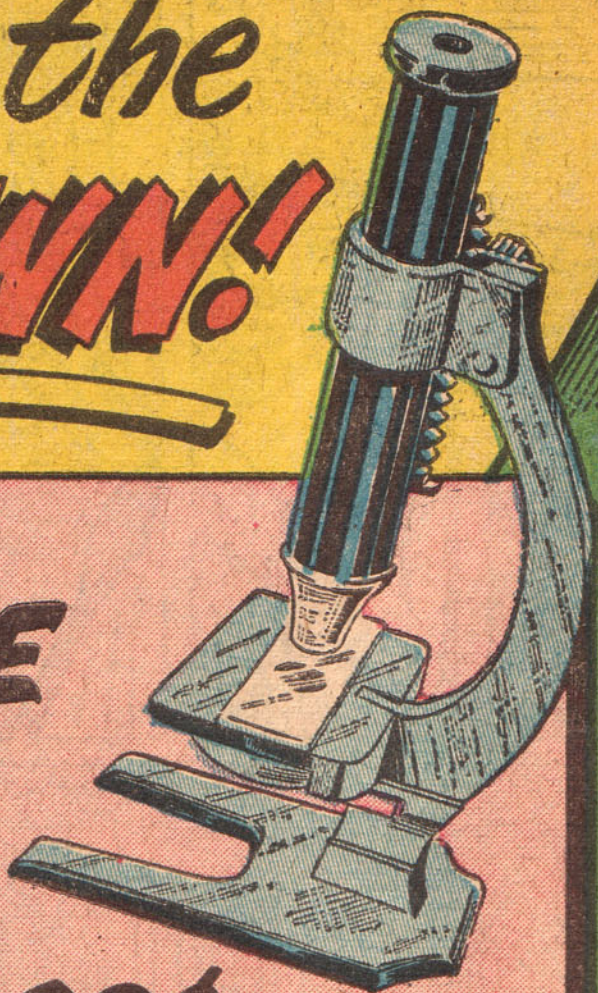


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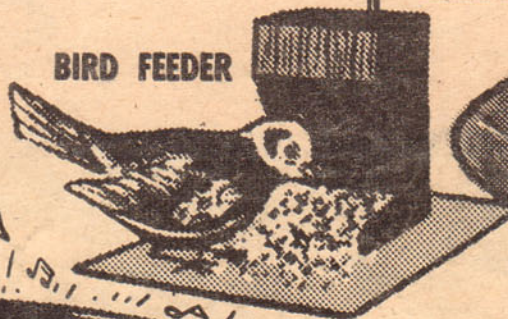
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- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.69 upon delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

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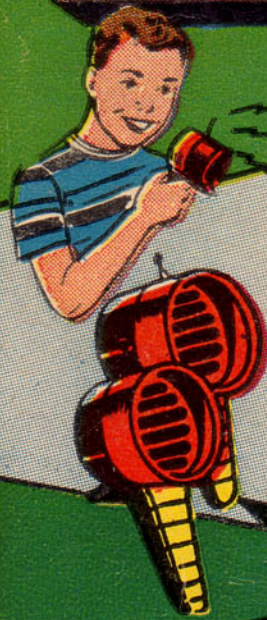
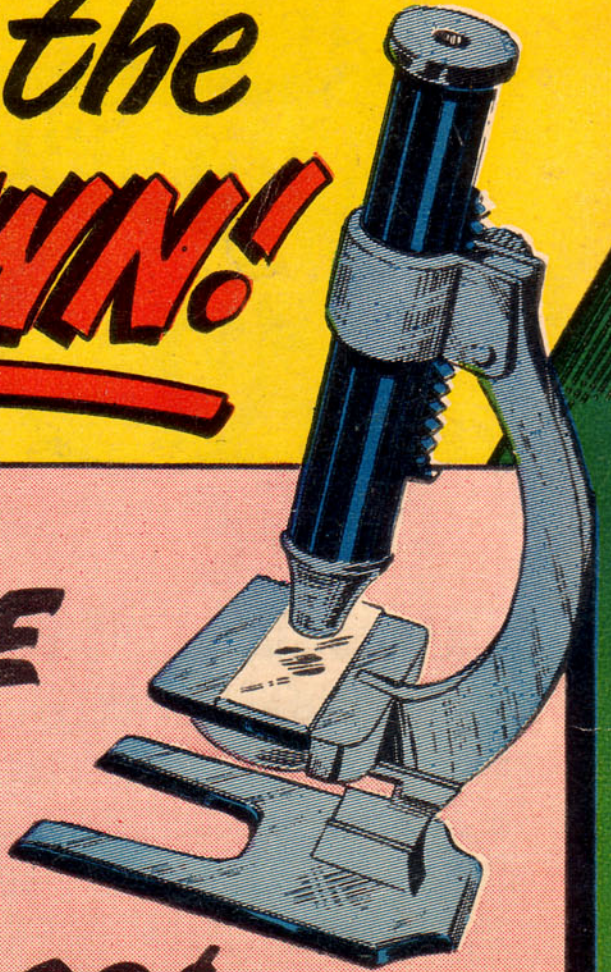
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